

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES:
VOLUME XVI.

NO. 3033. AUGUST 23, 1902.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXXXIV.

CHARLES DICKENS.

It is only when such names as Shakespeare's or Hugo's rise and remain as the supreme witnesses of what was highest in any particular country at any particular time that there can be no question among any but irrational and impudent men as to the supremacy of their greatest. England, under the reign of Dickens, had other great names to boast of which may well be allowed to challenge the sovereignty of his genius. But as there certainly was no Shakespeare and no Hugo to rival and eclipse his glory, he will probably and naturally always be accepted and acclaimed as the greatest Englishman of his generation. His first works or attempts at work gave little more promise of such a future than if he had been a Coleridge or a Shelley. No one could have foreseen what all may now foresee in the "Sketches by Boz"—not only a quick and keen-eyed observer, "a chiel amang us takin' notes" more notable than Captain Grose's, but a great creative genius. Nor could any one have foreseen it in the early chapters of "Pickwick"—which, at their best, do better the sort of thing which had been done fairly well before. Sam Weller and Charles Dickens came to life together, immortal and twin-born. In "Oliver Twist" the quality of a great tragic and comic poet or dramatist in

prose fiction was for the first time combined with the already famous qualities of a great humorist and a born master in the arts of narrative and dialogue.

Like the early works of all other great writers whose critical contemporaries have failed to elude the kindly chance of beneficent oblivion, the early works of Dickens have been made use of to depreciate his later, with the same enlightened and impartial candor which on the appearance of "Othello" must doubtless have deplored the steady though gradual decline of its author's genius from the unfulfilled promise of excellence held forth by "Two Gentlemen of Verona." There may possibly be some faint and flickering shadow of excuse for the dullards, if unmalignant, who prefer "Nicholas Nickleby" to the riper and sounder fruits of the same splendid and inexhaustible genius. Admirable as it is, full of life and sap and savor, the strength and the weakness of youth are so singularly mingled in the story and the style that readers who knew nothing of its date might naturally have assumed that it must have been the writer's first attempt at fiction. There is perhaps no question which would more thoroughly test the scholarship of the student than this:—What do you know of Jane Dibabs and

Horatio Peltiogrus? At fourscore and ten it might be thought "too late a week" for a reader to revel with insuppressible delight in a first reading of the chapters which enrol all worthy readers in the company of Mr. Vincent Crummies; but I can bear witness to the fact that this effect was produced on a reader of that age who had earned honor and respect in public life, affection and veneration in private. It is not, on the other hand, less curious and significant that Sydney Smith, who had held out against Sam Weller, should have been conquered by Miss Squeers; that her letter, which of all Dickens's really good things is perhaps the most obviously imitative and suggestive of its model, should have converted so great an elder humorist to appreciation of a greater than himself; that the echo of familiar fun, an echo from the grave of Smollett, should have done what finer and more original strokes of comic genius had unaccountably failed to do. But in all criticism of such work the merely personal element of the critic, the natural atmosphere in which his mind or his insight works, and uses its faculties of appreciation, is really the first and last thing to be taken into account.

No mortal man or woman, no human boy or girl, can resist the fascination of Mr. and Mrs. Quilp, of Mr. and Miss Brass, of Mr. Swiveller and his Marchioness; but even the charm of Mrs. Jarley and her surroundings, the magic which enthral us in the presence of a Codlin and a Short, cannot mesmerize or hypnotize us into belief that the story of "The Old Curiosity Shop" is in any way a good story. But it is the first book in which the background or setting is often as impressive as the figures which can hardly be detached from it in our remembered impression of the whole design. From Quilp's Wharf to Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, the river belongs to Dickens by right

of conquest or creation. The part it plays in more than a few of his books is indivisible from the parts played in them by human actors beside it or upon it. Of such actors in this book, the most famous as an example of her creator's power as a master of pathetic tragedy would thoroughly deserve her fame if she were but a thought more human and more credible. "The child" has never a touch of childhood about her; she is an impeccable and invariable portent of devotion, without a moment's lapse into the humanity of frailty in temper or in conduct. Dickens might as well have fitted her with a pair of wings at once. A woman might possibly be as patient, as resourceful, as indefatigable in well-doing and as faultless in perception of the right thing to do; it would be difficult to make her deeply interesting, but she might be made more or less of an actual creature. But a child whom nothing can ever irritate, whom nothing can ever baffle, whom nothing can ever misguide, whom nothing can ever delude, and whom nothing can ever dismay, is a monster as inhuman as a baby with two heads.

Outside the class which excludes all but the highest masterpieces of poetry it is difficult to find or to imagine a faultless work of creation—in other words, a faultless work of fiction; but the story of "Barnaby Rudge" can hardly, in common justice, be said to fall short of this crowning praise. And in this book, even if not in any of its precursors, an appreciative reader must recognize a quality of humor which will remind him of Shakespeare, and perhaps of Aristophanes. The impetuous and irrepressible volubility of Miss Miggs, when once her eloquence breaks loose and finds vent like raging water or fire, is powerful enough to overbear for the moment any slight objection which a severe morality might suggest with respect to the rectitude

and propriety of her conduct. It is impossible to be rigid in our judgment of

"a toiling, molling, constant-working, always-being-found-fault-with, never-giving - satisfactions, nor - having - no-time-to-clean-oneself, potter's wessel," whose "only becoming occupation is to help young flaunting pagins to brush and comb and titiwate thei'selves into whitening and suppulchres, and leave the young men to think that there an't a bit of padding in it nor no pinching-ins nor fillings-out nor pomatums nor deceits nor earthly wanities."

To have made malignity as delightful for an instant as simplicity, and Miss Miggs as enchanting as Mrs. Quickly or Mrs. Gamp, is an unsurpassable triumph of dramatic humor.

But the advance in tragic power is even more notable and memorable than this. The pathos, indeed, is too cruel; the tortures of the idiot's mother and the murderer's wife are so fearful that interest and sympathy are wellnigh superseded or overbalanced by a sense of horror rather than of pity; magnificent as is the power of dramatic invention which animates every scene in every stage of her martyrdom. Dennis is the first of those consummate and wonderful ruffians, with two vile faces under one frowzy hood, whose captain or commander-in-chief is Rogue Riderhood; more fearful by far, though not (one would hope) more natural, than Henriet Cousin, who could hardly breathe when fastening the rope round Esmeralda's neck, "tant la chose l'apitoyait"; a divine touch of surviving humanity which would have been impossible to the more horrible hangman whose mortal agony in immediate prospect of the imminent gallows is as terribly memorable as anything in the tragedy of fiction or the poetry of prose. His fellow hangbird is a figure no less admirable throughout all his stormy and fiery career till the last moment; and then he drops into poetry.

Nor is it poetry above the reach of Silas Wegg which "invokes the curse of all its victims on that black tree, of which he is the ripened fruit." The writer's impulse was noble; but its expression or its effusion is such as indifference may deride and sympathy must deplore. Twice only did the greatest English writer of his day make use of history as a background or a stage for fiction; the use made of it in "Barnaby Rudge" is even more admirable in the lifelike tragedy and the terrible comedy of its presentation than the use made of it in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Dickens was doubtless right in his preference of "David Copperfield" to all his other masterpieces; it is only among dunces that it is held improbable or impossible for a great writer to judge aright of his own work at its best, to select and to prefer the finest and the fullest example of his active genius; but, when all deductions have been made from the acknowledgment due to the counter-claim of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the fact remains that in that unequal and irregular masterpiece his comic and his tragic genius rose now and then to the very highest pitch of all. No son of Adam and no daughter of Eve on this God's earth, as his occasional friend Mr. Carlyle might have expressed it, could have imagined it possible—humanly possible—for anything in later comedy to rival the unspeakable perfection of Mrs. Quickly's eloquence at its best; at such moments as when her claim to be acknowledged as Lady Falstaff was reinforced, if not by the spiritual authority of Master Dumb, by the correlative evidence of Mrs. Keech; but no reader above the level of intelligence which prefers to Shakespeare the Parisian Ibsen and the Norwegian Sardou can dispute the fact that Mrs. Gamp has once and again risen even to that unimaginable supremacy of triumph.

At the first interview vouchsafed to

us with the adorable Sairey, we feel that no words can express our sense of the divinely altruistic and devoted nature which finds utterance in the sweetly and sublimely simple words—"If I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it: sich is the love I bear 'em." We think of little Tommy Harris, and the little red worsted shoe gurgling in his throat; of the previous occasion when his father sought shelter and silence in an empty dog-kennel; of that father's immortally infamous reflection on the advent of his ninth; of religious feelings, of life, and the end of all things; of Mr. Gamp, his wooden leg, and their precious boy; of her calculations and her experiences with reference to birth and death; of her views as to the expediency of travel by steam, which anticipated Ruskin's and those of later dissenters from the gospel of hurry and the religion of mechanism; of the contents of Mrs. Harris's pocket; of the incredible incredulity of the infidel Mrs. Prig; we think of all this, and of more than all this, and acknowledge with infinite thanksgiving of inexhaustible laughter and of rapturous admiration the very greatest comic poet or creator that ever lived to make the life of other men more bright and more glad and more perfect than ever, without his beneficent influence, it possibly or imaginably could have been.

The advance in power of tragic invention, the increased strength in grasp of character and grip of situation, which distinguishes Chuzzlewit from Nickleby, may be tested by comparison of the leading villains. Ralph Nickleby might almost have walked straight off the boards on which the dramatic genius of his nephew was employed to bring into action two tubs and a pump: Jonas Chuzzlewit has his place of eminence for ever among the most memorable types of living and breathing wickedness that ever were

stamped and branded with immortality by the indignant genius of a great and unrelenting master. Neither Vautrin nor Thénardier has more of evil and of deathless life in him.

It is not only by his masterpieces, it is also by his inferior works or even by his comparative failures that the greatness of a great writer may be reasonably judged and tested. We can measure in some degree the genius of Thackeray by the fact that "Pendennis," with all its marvellous wealth of character and humor and living truth, has never been and never will be rated among his very greatest works. "Dombey and Son" cannot be held nearly so much of a success as "Pendennis." I have known a man of the very highest genius and the most fervent enthusiasm for that of Dickens who never could get through it. There is nothing of a story, and all that nothing (to borrow a phrase from Martial) is bad. The Roman starveling had nothing to lose, and lost it all: the story of Dombey has no plot, and that a very stupid one. The struttingly offensive father and his gushingly submissive daughter are failures of the first magnitude. Little Paul is a more credible child than little Nell; he sometimes forgets that he is foredoomed by a more than Pauline or Calvinistic law of predestination to die in the odor of sentiment, and says or thinks or does something really and quaintly childlike. But we get, to say the least, a good deal of him; and how much too little do we get of Jack Bunsby! Not so very much more than of old Bill Barley; and yet those two ancient mariners are berthed for ever in the inmost shrine of our affections. Another patch of the very brightest purple sewn into the sometimes rather threadbare stuff or groundwork of the story is the scene in which the dissolution of a ruined household is so tragically set before us in the breaking up of the servants' hall. And when we

think upon the cherished names of Toots and Nipper, Gills and Cuttle, Rob the Grinder and good Mrs. Brown, we are tempted to throw conscience to the winds, and affirm that the book is a good book.

But even if we admit that here was an interlude of comparative failure, we cannot but feel moved to acclaim with all the more ardent gratitude the appearance of the next and perhaps the greatest gift bestowed on us by this magnificent and immortal benefactor. "David Copperfield," from the first chapter to the last, is unmistakable by any eye above the level and beyond the insight of a beetle's as one of the masterpieces to which time can only add a new charm and an unimaginable value. The narrative is as coherent and harmonious as that of "Tom Jones"; and to say this is to try it by the very highest and apparently the most unattainable standard. But I must venture to reaffirm my conviction that even the glorious masterpiece of Fielding's radiant and beneficent genius, if in some points superior, is by no means superior in all. Tom is a far completer and more living type of gallant boyhood and generous young manhood than David; but even the lustre of Partridge is pallid and lunar beside the noontide glory of Micawber. Bliffl is a more poisonously plausible villain than Uriah: Sophia Western remains unequalled except by her sister heroine Amelia as a perfectly credible and adorable type of young English womanhood, naturally "like one of Shakespeare's women," socially as fine and true a lady as Congreve's Millamant or Angelica. But even so large-minded and liberal a genius as Fielding's could never have conceived any figure like Miss Trotwood's, any group like that of the Peggottys. As easily could it have imagined and realized the magnificent setting of the story, with its homely foreground of street or

wayside and its background of tragic sea.

The perfect excellence of this masterpiece has perhaps done some undeserved injury to the less impeccable works of genius which immediately succeeded it. But in "Bleak House" the daring experiment of combination or alternation which divides a story between narrative in the third person and narrative in the first is justified and vindicated by its singular and fascinating success. "Esther's narrative" is as good as her creator's; and no enthusiasm of praise could overrate the excellence of them both. For wealth and variety of character none of the master's works can be said to surpass and few can be said to equal it. When all necessary allowance has been made for occasional unlikeliness in detail or questionable methods of exposition, the sustained interest and the terrible pathos of Lady Dedlock's tragedy will remain unaffected and unimpaired. Any reader can object that a lady visiting a slum in the disguise of a servant would not have kept jewelled rings on her fingers for the inspection of a crossing-sweeper, or that a less decorous and plausible way of acquainting her with the fact that a scandalous episode in her early life was no longer a secret for the family lawyer could hardly have been imagined than the public narrative of her story in her own drawing-room by way of an evening's entertainment for her husband and their guests. To these objections, which any Helot of culture whose brain may have been affected by habitual indulgence in the academic delirium of self-complacent superiority may advance or may suggest with the most exquisite infinity of impertinence, it may be impossible to retort an equally obvious and inconsiderable objection,

But to a far more serious charge, which even now appears to survive the confutation of all serious evidence, it

is incomprehensible and inexplicable that Dickens should have returned no better an answer than he did. Harold Skimpole was said to be Leigh Hunt; a rascal after the order of Wainwright, without the poisoner's comparatively and diabolically admirable audacity of frank and fiendish self-esteem, was assumed to be meant for a portrait or a caricature of an honest man and a man of unquestionable genius. To this most serious and most disgraceful charge Dickens merely replied that he never anticipated the identification of the rascal Skimpole with the fascinating Harold—the attribution of imaginary villainy to the original model who suggested or supplied a likeness for the externally amiable and ineffectually accomplished loungeur and shuffler through life. The simple and final reply should have been that indolence was the essential quality of the character and conduct and philosophy of Skimpole—"a perfectly idle man: a mere amateur," as he describes himself to the sympathetic and approving Sir Leicester; that Leigh Hunt was one of the hardest and steadiest workers on record, throughout a long and chequered life, at the toilsome trade of letters; and therefore that to represent him as a heartless and shameless idler would have been about as rational an enterprise, as lifelike a design after the life, as it would have been to represent Shelley as a gluttonous and canting hypocrite or Byron as a loyal and unselfish friend. And no one as yet, I believe, has pretended to recognize in Mr. Jarndyce a study from Byron, in Mr. Chadband a libel on Shelley.

Of the two shorter novels which would suffice to preserve forever the fame of Dickens, some readers will as probably always prefer "*Hard Times*" as others will prefer "*A Tale of Two Cities*." The later of these is doubtless the most ingeniously and dramatically invented and constructed of all the

master's works; the earlier seems to me the greater in moral and pathetic and humorous effect. The martyr workman, beautiful as is the study of his character and terrible as is the record of his tragedy, is almost too spotless a sufferer and a saint; the lifelong lapidation of this unluckier Stephen is somewhat too consistent and insistent and persistent for any record but that of a martyrology; but the obdurate and histrionic affectation which animates the brutality and stimulates the selfishness of Mr. Bounderby is only too lamentably truer and nearer to the unlovely side of life. Mr. Ruskin—a name never to be mentioned without reverence—thought otherwise; but in knowledge and insight into character and ethics that nobly minded man of genius was no more comparable to Dickens than in sanity of ardor and rationality of aspiration for progressive and practical reform.

As a social satirist Dickens is usually considered to have shown himself at his weakest; the curious and seemingly incorrigible ignorance which imagined that the proper title of Sir John Smith's wife was Lady John Smith, and that the same noble peer could be known to his friends and parasites alternately as Lord Jones and Lord James Jones, may naturally make us regret the absence from their society of our old Parisian friend Sir Brown, Esquire; but though such singular designations as these were never rectified or removed from the text of "*Nicholas Nickleby*," and though a Lady Kew was as far outside the range of his genius as a Madame Marneffe, his satire of social pretension and pretence was by no means always "a sword-stroke in the water" or a flourish in the air. Mrs. Sparsit is as typical and immortal as any figure of Molière's; and the fact that Mr. Sparsit was a Fowler is one which can never be forgotten.

There is no surer way of testing the

greatness of a really great writer than by consideration of his work at its weakest, and comparison of that comparative weakness with the strength of lesser men at their strongest and their best. The romantic and fanciful comedy of "Love's Labor's Lost" is hardly a perceptible jewel in the sovereign crown of Shakespeare; but a single passage in a single scene of it—the last of the fourth act—is more than sufficient to outweigh, to outshine, to eclipse and efface for ever the dramatic lucubrations or prescriptions of Dr. Ibsen—Fracastoro of the drama—and his volubly grateful patients. Among the mature works of Dickens and of Thackeray, I suppose most readers would agree in the opinion that the least satisfactory, if considered as representative of the author's incomparable powers, are "Little Dorrit" and "The Virginians"; yet no one above the intellectual level of an Ibsenite or a Zolaist will doubt or will deny that there is enough merit in either of these books for the stable foundation of an enduring fame.

The conception of "Little Dorrit" was far happier and more promising than that of "Dombey and Son"; which indeed is not much to say for it. Mr. Dombey is a doll; Mr. Dorrit is an everlasting figure of comedy in its most tragic aspect and tragedy in its most comic phase. Little Dorrit herself might be less untruly than unkindly described as Little Nell grown big, or, in Milton's phrase, "writ large." But on that very account she is more credible and therefore a more really and rationally pathetic figure. The incomparable incoherence of the parts which pretend in vain to compose the composite story may be gauged by the collapse of some of them and the vehement hurry of cramped and halting invention which huddles up the close of it without an attempt at the rational and natural evolution of others. It is like

a child's dissected map with some of the counties or kingdoms missing. Much, though certainly not all, of the humor is of the poorest kind possible to Dickens; and the reiterated repetition of comic catchwords and tragic illustrations of character is such as to affect the nerves no less than the intelligence of the reader with irrepressible irritation. But this, if he be wise, will be got over and kept under by his sense of admiration and of gratitude for the unsurpassable excellence of the finest passages and chapters. The day after the death of Mr. Merdle is one of the most memorable dates in all the record of creative history—or, to use one word in place of two, in all the record of fiction. The fusion of humor and horror in the marvellous chapter which describes it is comparable only with the kindred work of such creators as the authors of "Les Misérables" and "King Lear." And nothing in the work of Balzac is newer and truer and more terrible than the relentless yet not unmerciful evolution of the central figure in the story. The Father of the Marshalsea is so pitifully worthy of pity as well as of scorn that it would have seemed impossible to heighten or to deepen the contempt or the compassion of the reader; but when he falls from adversity to prosperity he succeeds in soaring down and sinking up to a more tragicomic ignominy of more aspiring degradation. And his end is magnificent.

It must always be interesting as well as curious to observe the natural attitude of mind, the inborn instinct of intelligent antipathy or sympathy, discernible or conjecturable in the greatest writer of any nation at any particular date, with regard to the characteristic merits or demerits of foreigners. Dickens was once most unjustly taxed with injustice to the French, by an evidently loyal and cordial French critic, on the ground that the one Frenchman of any

mark in all his books was a murderer. The polypseudonymous ruffian who uses and wears out as many stolen names as ever did even the most cowardly and virulent of literary poisoners is doubtless an unlovely figure: but not even Mr. Peggotty and his infant niece are painted with more tender and fervent sympathy than the good Corporal and little Bebele. Hugo could not—even omnipotence has its limits—have given a more perfect and living picture of a hero and a child. I wish I could think he would have given it as the picture of an English hero and an English child. But I do think that Italian readers of "Little Dorrit" ought to appreciate and to enjoy the delightful and admirable personality of Cavalletto. Mr. Baptist in Bleeding Heart Yard is as attractively memorable a figure as his excellent friend Signor Panco.

And how much more might be said—would the gods annihilate but time and space for a worthier purpose than that of making two lovers happy—of the splendid successes to be noted in the least successful book or books of this great and inexhaustible writer! And if the figure or development of the story in "Little Dorrit," the shapeliness in parts or the proportions of the whole, may seem to have suffered from tight-lacing in this part and from padding in that, the harmony and unity of the masterpiece which followed it made ample and magnificent amends. In "A Tale of Two Cities" Dickens, for the second and last time, did history the honor to enrol it in the service of fiction. This faultless work of tragic and creative art has nothing of the rich and various exuberance which makes of "Barnaby Rudge" so marvellous an example of youthful genius in all the glowing growth of its bright and fiery April; but it has the classic and poetic symmetry of perfect execution and of perfect design. One or two of the figures in the story which im-

mediately preceded it are unusually liable to the usually fatuous objection which dullness has not yet grown decently ashamed of bringing against the characters of Dickens: to the charge of exaggeration and unreality in the posture or the mechanism of puppets and of daubs, which found its final and supremely offensive expression in the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudosophical a quack as George Henry Lewes. Not even such a past-master in the noble science of defamation could plausibly have dared to cite in support of his insolent and idiotic impeachment either the leading or the supplementary characters in "A Tale of Two Cities." The pathetic and heroic figure of Sydney Carton seems rather to have cast into the shade of comparative neglect the no less living and admirable figures among and over which it stands and towers in our memory. Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry, Madame Defarge and her husband, are equally and undisputably to be recognized by the sign of eternal life.

Among the highest landmarks of success ever reared for immortality by the triumphant genius of Dickens, the story of "Great Expectations" must for ever stand eminent beside that of "David Copperfield." These are his great twin masterpieces. Great as they are, there is nothing in them greater than the very best things in some of his other books: there is certainly no person preferable and there is possibly no person comparable to Samuel Weller or to Sarah Gamp. Of the two childish and boyish autobiographers, David is the better little fellow though not the more lifelike little friend; but of all first chapters is there any comparable for impression and for fusion of humor and terror and pity and fancy and truth to that which confronts the child with the convict on the marshes in the twilight? And the story is in-

comparably the finer story of the two; there can be none superior, if there be any equal to it, in the whole range of English fiction. And except in "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes," if even they may claim exception, there can surely be found no equal or nearly equal number of living and everliving figures. The tragedy and the comedy, the realism and the dreamery of life, are fused or mingled together with little less than Shakespearian strength and skill of hand. To have created Abel Magwitch is to be a god indeed among the creators of deathless men. Pumblechook is actually better and droller and truer to imaginative life than Pecksniff: Joe Gargery is worthy to have been praised and loved at once by Fielding and by Sterne: Mr. Jaggers and his clients, Mr. Wemmick and his parent and his bride, are such figures as Shakespeare, when dropping out of poetry, might have created, if his lot had been cast in a later century. Can as much be said for the creatures of any other man or god? The ghastly tragedy of Miss Havisham could only have been made at once credible and endurable by Dickens; he alone could have reconciled the strange and sordid horror with the noble and pathetic survival of possible emotion and repentance. And he alone could have eluded condemnation for so gross an oversight as the escape from retribution of so important a criminal as the "double murderer and monster" whose baffled or inadequate attempts are enough to make Bill Sikes seem comparatively the gentlest and Jonas Chuzzlewit the most amiable of men. I remember no such flaw in any other story I ever read. But in this story it may well have been allowed to pass unrebuked and unobserved; which yet I think it should not.

Among all the minor and momentary figures which flash into eternity across the stage of Dickens, there is one to

which I have never yet seen the tribute of grateful homage adequately or even decently paid. The sonorous claims of old Bill Barley on the reader's affectionate and respectful interest have not remained without response; but the landlord's Jack has never yet, as far as I am aware, been fully recognized as great among the greatest of the gods of comic fiction. We are introduced to this lifelong friend in a waterside public-house as a "grizzled male creature, the 'Jack' of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low watermark too." It is but for a moment that we meet him, but eternity is in that moment.

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited, while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up two," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

"A four-oared galley, did you say?" said I.

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it."

"Why?"

"I know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

"He thinks," said the landlord, a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack, "he thinks they was, what they wasn't."

"I know what I thinks," observed the Jack.

"You thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

"I do," said the Jack.

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

"AM I!"

In the infinite meaning of his reply and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do anything.

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons, then, Jack?" said the landlord, vacillating weakly.

"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallowed 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which he went out in disdain.

To join Francis the drawer and Cobb the water-bearer in an ever-blessed immortality.

This was the author's last great work: the defects in it are as nearly imperceptible as spots on the sun or shadows on a sunlit sea. His last long story, "Our Mutual Friend," superior as it is in harmony and animation to "Little Dorrit" or "Dombey and Son," belongs to the same class of plebald or rather skewbald fiction. As in the first great prose work of the one greater and far greater genius then working in the world the cathedral of Notre Dame is the one prevailing and dominating presence, the supreme and silent witness of life and action and passion and death, so in this last of its writer's completed novels the real protagonist

—for the part it plays is rather active than passive—is the river. Of a play attributed on the obviously worthless authority of all who knew or who could have known anything about the matter to William Shakespeare, but now ascribed on the joint authority of Bedlam and Hanwell to the joint authorship of Francis Bacon and John Fletcher, assisted by the fraternal collaboration of their fellow-poets Sir Walter Raleigh and King James I., it was very unjustly said by Dr. Johnson that "the genius of the author comes in and goes out with Queen Katherine." Of this book it might more justly be said that the genius of the author ebbs and flows with the disappearance and the reappearance of the Thames.

That unfragrant and unsanitary waif of its rottenest refuse, the incomparable Rogue Riderhood, must always hold a chosen place among the choicest villains of our selectest acquaintance. When the genius of his immortal creator said "Let there be Riderhood," and there was Riderhood, a figure of coequal immortality rose reeking and skulking into sight. The deliciously amphibious nature of the venomous human reptile is so wonderfully preserved in his transference from Southwark Bridge to Plashwater Weir Mill Lockhouse that we feel it impossible for imagination to detach the water-snake from the water, the water-rat from the mud. There is a horrible harmony, a hellish consistency, in the hideous part he takes in the martyrdom of Betty Higden—the most nearly intolerable tragedy in all the tragic work of Dickens. Even the unsurpassed and unsurpassable grandeur and beauty of the martyred old heroine's character can hardly make the wonderful record of her heroic agony endurable by those who have been so tenderly and so powerfully compelled to love and to revere her. The divine scene in the children's hospital is something that could only

have been conceived and that could only have been realized by two of the greatest among writers and creators: it is a curious and memorable thing that they should have shone upon our sight together.

We can only guess what manner of tribute Victor Hugo might have paid to Dickens on reading how Johnny "bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world." But a more incomparable scene than this is the resurrection of Rogue Riderhood. That is one of the very greatest works of any creator who ever revealed himself as a master of fiction: a word, it should be unnecessary to repeat, synonymous with the word creation. The terrible humor of it holds the reader entranced alike at the first and the hundredth reading. And the blatant boobies who deny truthfulness and realism to the imagination or the genius of Dickens, because it never condescended or aspired to wallow in metaphysics or in filth, may be fearlessly challenged to match this scene for tragicomic and everlasting truth in the work of Sardou or Ibsen, of the bisexual George Eliot or the masculine "Miss Mævia Mannish." M. Zola, had he imagined it, as undoubtedly his potent and indisputable genius might have done, must have added a flavor of blood and a savor of ordure which would hardly have gratified or tickled the nostrils and the palate of Dickens; but it is possible that this insular delicacy or prudery of relish and of sense may not be altogether a pitiable infirmity or a derisible defect. Every scene in which Mr. Inspector or Miss Abbey Potterson figures is as lifelike as it could be if it were foul instead of fair—if it were as fetid with the reek of malodorous realism as it is fragrant with the breath of kindly and homely nature.

The fragmentary "Mystery of Edwin Drood" has things in it worthy of Dick-

ens at his best: whether the completed work would probably have deserved a place among his best must always be an open question. It is certain that if Shakespeare had completed "The Two Noble Kinsmen"; if Hugo had completed "Les Jumeaux"; or if Thackeray had completed "Denis Duval," the world would have been richer by a deathless and a classic masterpiece. It is equally certain that the grim and tragic humors of the opium den and the boy-devil are worthy of the author of "Barnaby Rudge," that the leading villain is an original villain of great promise, and that the interest which assuredly, for the average reader, is not awakened in Mr. Drood and Miss Bud is naturally aroused by the sorrows and perils of the brother and sister whose history is inwoven with theirs. It is uncertain beyond all reach of reasonable conjecture whether the upshot of the story would have been as satisfactory as the conclusion, for instance, of "David Copperfield" or "Martin Chuzzlewit," or as far from satisfactory as the close of "Little Dorrit" or "Dombey and Son."

If Dickens had never in his life undertaken the writing of a long story, he would still be great among the immortal writers of his age by grace of his matchless excellence as a writer of short stories. His earlier Christmas books might well suffice for the assurance of a lasting fame and the best of them are far surpassed in excellence by his contributions to the Christmas numbers of his successive magazines. We remember the noble "Chimes," the delightful "Carol," the entrancing "Cricket on the Hearth," the delicious Tetterbys who make "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" immortal and unghostly, and even the good stolid figure of Clemency Newcome, which redeems from the torpid peace of absolute nonentity so nearly complete a failure as "The Battle of

Life"; but the Christmas work done for "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" is at its best on a higher level than the best of these. "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" is the work of a genius till then unimaginable—a Defoe with a human heart. More lifelike or more accurate in seamanship, more noble and natural in manhood, it could not have been if the soul of Shakespeare or of Hugo had entered into the somewhat inhuman or at least insensitive genius which created Robinson Crusoe.

Among the others every reader will always have his special favorites: I do not say his chosen favorites; he will not choose but find them; it is not a question to be settled by judgment but by instinct. All are as good of their kind as they need be: children and schoolboys, soldiers and sailors, showmen and waiters, landladies and cheap-jacks, signalmen and cellarmen: all of them actual and convincing, yet all of them sealed of the tribe of Dickens; real if ever any figures in any book were real, yet as unmistakable in their paternity as the children of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, or of Fielding. A modest and honest critic will always, when dealing with questions of preference in such matters, be guided by the example of the not always exemplary Mr Jingle—"not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing." He may in that case indicate his own peculiar addiction to the society of Toby Maggsman and Mr. Chops, Captain Jorgan, Mr. Christopher (surely one of the most perfect figures ever drawn and colored by such a hand as Shakespeare's or Dekker's or Sterne's or Thackeray's), Mrs. Lirriper and Major Jackman, Dr. Marigold, and Barbox Brothers. The incredible immensity, measurable by no critic ever born, of such a creative power as was needed to call all these into immortal life

would surely, had Dickens never done any work on a larger scale of invention and construction, have sufficed for a fame great enough to deserve the applause and the thanksgiving of all men worthy to acclaim it, and the contempt of such a Triton of the minnows as Matthew Arnold. A man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself by painful painstaking into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth could pay no other tribute than that of stolid scorn to a genius of such inexhaustible force and such indisputable originality as that of Charles Dickens. It is not always envy, I hope and believe, which disables and stupefies such brilliant and versatile examples of the minor poet and the minor critic when appreciation of anything new and great is found impossible for their self-complacent and self-centred understanding to attain. It is just that they cannot see high enough; they were born so, and will please themselves; as they do, and always did, and always will. And not even the tribute of equals or superiors is more precious and more significant than such disdain or such distaste as theirs.

These Christmas numbers are not, because of their small bulk, to be classed among the minor works of Dickens: they are gems as costly as any of the larger in his crown of fame. Of his lesser works the best and most precious is beyond all question or comparison "The Uncommercial Traveller"; a book which would require another volume of the same size to praise it adequately or aright. Not that there are not other short studies as good as its very best among the "reprinted pieces" which preserve for us and for all time the beloved figure of Our Bore, the less delightful figures of the noble savage and the begging-letter writer, the pathetic plaint of Mr. Meek, and the incomparable studies and stories of the detective police. We could perhaps dispense with

"Pictures from Italy," and even with "American Notes," except for the delicious account or narrative or description of sea-sickness, which will always give such exquisite intensity of rapture to boys born impervious to that ailment and susceptible only of enjoyment in rough weather at sea as can hardly be rivalled by the delight of man or boy in Mrs. Gamp herself. But there is only one book which I cannot but regret that Dickens should have written; and I cannot imagine what evil imp, for what inscrutable reason in the unjustifiable designs of a malevolent Providence, was ever permitted to suggest to him the perpetration of a "Child's History of England." I would almost as soon train up a child on Catholic or Calvinistic or servile or disloyal principles as on the cheap-jack radicalism which sees nothing to honor or love or revere in history, and ought therefore to confess that it can in reason pretend to see nothing on which to build any hope of patriotic advance or progressive endurance in the future.

A word may be added on the everlasting subject of editors and editions: a subject on which it really seems impossible that the countrymen of Shakespeare and of Dickens should ever be aroused to a sense that the matter is really worth care and consideration. Instead of reprinting the valuable and interesting prefaces written by Dickens for the first cheap edition of his collected works (a poor little double-columned reissue), the publishers of the beautiful and convenient Gadshill

series are good enough to favor its purchasers with the prefatory importunities of a writer disintituled to express and disqualified to form an opinion on the work of an English humorist. The intrusive condescension or adulation of such a commentator was perhaps somewhat superfluous in front of the reprinted Waverley Novels; the offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of Charles Dickens.

It is curious enough to compare the posthumous fortune of two such competitors in fame as Dickens and Thackeray. Rivals they were not and could not be: comparison or preference of their respective work is a subject fit only to be debated by the energetic idleness of boyhood. In life Dickens was the more prosperous; Thackeray has had the better fortune after death. To the exquisite genius, the tender devotion, the faultless taste and the un-failing tact of his daughter, we owe the most perfect memorial ever raised to the fame and to the character of any great writer on record by any editor or commentator or writer of prefaces or preludes to his work. A daughter of Dickens has left us a very charming little volume of reminiscences in which we enjoy the pleasure and honor of admission to his private presence; we yet await an edition of his works which may be worthy to stand beside the biographical edition of Thackeray's. So much we ought to have: we can demand and we can desire no more.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

CONCERNING CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the enormous advances which have of recent years been made in various paths of astronomical research have been due very largely to the powers which the continued improvement of photographic processes have placed in the hands of astronomers. But there is an impression abroad that so much success has been achieved because the application of photography has made the art of observation comparatively simple and unlaborious. Such a view is, to say the least of it, a misapprehension of the case and yet it has been suggested by more than one brilliant exponent of astronomic truth. Four years ago, at the ceremony of the dedication of a great American observatory to the cause of science, one of the greatest living astronomers referred picturesquely to the "photographic eye of one or more little telescopes" at the Harvard College Observatory, "all-seeing and never-sleeping policemen, that scan the heavens unceasingly while the astronomer may sleep, and report in the morning every case of irregularity in the proceedings of the heavenly bodies."

Now, the men who are working at celestial photography must feel that this way of putting the case is dangerously liable to misconstruction. One of them has indeed complained that such statements take away the glamour with which he likes to think that an astronomer should be surrounded. The thought of the watcher sitting through long nights with his eye glued to the telescope invested with an air of romance an uncomfortable occupation; while there is even something ignoble in the idea of going to bed and leaving the senseless though sensitive photographic plate to explore the wonders of

the heavens—the plate which registers with equal unconcern the rich fields of the Milky Way or the regions barren of stars which lie on the borders of the great tracts of nebulae; and even goes on foolishly trying to work when clouds have blotted out the sky. Fortunately for the picturesque side of the astronomer's life, there is very little truth in the latter picture. He cannot go to bed. Save in a few cases, which scarcely make an exception, his eye and hand are wanted to guide and control the work which his photographic telescope is doing. And to make it do its work well is a task which is not less anxious at the moment of observation, and requires beforehand vastly greater preparations, than in the old days of actual star-gazing.

For so soon as the photographic plate replaced the eye at the end of the telescope, there was a cry for greater perfection in the mounting of the telescope and for greater accuracy in the driving clockwork. Probably every one knows that if a star has to be kept under examination in the telescope, the instrument must be driven by clockwork, to counteract the effect of the earth's rotation. What is not so well known is, that even if the clockwork can be adjusted exactly, the problem is only half solved. There are a number of small causes which modify in a complicated way the original simple problem. The changing refraction of the atmosphere as the star rises from the eastern and sinks towards the western horizon; small displacements of the telescope axis from its proper position; the slight bending of the tube as it turns over continually into new positions and redistributes the strains within it,—all combine to hinder an exact

solution of the problem of following the star precisely in its nightly journey across the sky.

For visual observation one need scarcely trouble about these small irregularities. It is a matter of comparative indifference whether the star remains absolutely fixed in the field of view, or drifts very slowly across it. When the error has accumulated to a large amount it can be corrected at a jump, and things go on as before. But in photography it is a very different matter. The image of the star must not be allowed to wander about in the slightest degree over the sensitive film, or its picture will come out blurred and irregular. It was practically a new problem in telescope driving which had to be solved, if perfect pictures were to be obtained; and very beautiful are the devices which have been used to secure the desired accuracy in the clockwork movement. The principle is much the same in all. Quite away from the telescope, and free from any disturbing influences which may effect its running, there is a pendulum which sends at every swing an electric current to the clock, and brings into play a mechanism which sets the clockwork right if it deviate by a very small fraction of a second from the regular swing of the pendulum. This is an improvement of a high order in telescope machinery, and its introduction has been brought about entirely by the demands of the photographer. So far so good. Instrument makers have been able to meet these demands, and the present-day driving clocks are practically perfect. At the expense of very great care and trouble in making them to start with, which is the instrument-maker's business, and in putting and keeping them in adjustment afterwards, which very soon turns perforce the astronomer into something of a mechanic, they can be made to run with almost any desired degree of nicety. And if the stars

would only run their daily course as regularly there would be no more trouble, for the instrumental difficulties to which we have referred can with care be reduced to small proportions. But the stars will not run regularly. The refraction of the atmosphere displaces them to a degree which varies continually as their height above the horizon varies, and so a motion of the telescope which follows the stars exactly in one part of the sky is quite wrong when they get to another. After the adjustment of telescope and clockwork have been made perfect,—far more perfect than was ever required in visual observation,—one is still left with a troublesome small inequality to deal with which will ruin a photograph absolutely.

It will be evident that when a man wants to obtain celestial photographs of high precision it is no case of going to bed and leaving the telescope to work sweet will, either its own or his. He requires to be very much awake to tackle the problem which is set before him, how to ensure that the image of the star is not wandering in a little path of its own upon the sensitive plate. What is required is to keep a continual watch upon it, and of course that cannot be done directly. But there are one or two ways of doing it indirectly. We can fasten two telescopes firmly parallel to one another, and by continual watching and constant correcting keep on the cross wires in one the central star of the field which is being photographed in the other. That plan avoids at least the danger of the stars running right away from their proper places on the plate, but it is at best a poor approximation to the desired end. By the nature of the case, a fault in the following cannot be detected until it has taken place, and by the time it is put right the star images have already been falling for a few seconds on the wrong places on the plate, and some

harm has been done. So serious is the result of even this very slight shift that attempts have even been made to dispense with this system of successive small corrections by hand, to calculate beforehand what the actual irregularities will be, and deliberately to make the telescope run irregularly to correspond. This is an aggravated case of working by faith, and to carry it out successfully is a matter of great difficulty. But we are entering upon a path which is strewn with thorny technicalities. Let it suffice to repeat what we have already said, that to obtain good star photographs which are fit to subject to the most accurate measurement is by no means the easy thing which we have sometimes been wrongly led to believe.

And when with great pains the star photograph has been secured, to what end will it lead? Not as a rule to the publication of a beautiful picture, crowded with stars gathered in streams and clusters, upon a background flecked with pale nebulosity. That is the kind of photograph which is used to illustrate the text-books, and a very beautiful thing it is. But its beauty is a snare. It looks so amazingly rich for the very simple reason that a great many square degrees of sky have been crowded into a very small picture. It is as though every town, village, and hamlet were dotted in on a map of Great Britain a few inches high. That would produce an exaggerated effect of over-population. And, be it noted, such a small-scale map would be of very little use if one wished to measure accurately the distance from village to village. The smallest distance to which one could measure on the map would correspond to a good many miles on the country roads. And so it is with those crowded star photographs which give so vivid a picture of the richness of the sky; they show that the heavens are densely crowded with stars. But

they altogether exaggerate the case; and it is almost a pity that they are so constantly reproduced, for no one could be surprised if it were believed that they are the typical star photographs to obtain which the great photographic telescopes are erected.

Such is not the case. Almost the whole work of a great observatory consists in making accurate measurements of one sort or another, and they have been induced to set up large photographic telescopes because it is found that measurements of the places on the stars can be made with higher precision upon a suitable photograph than upon the stars themselves. But the photograph must be suitable; and that means that images of the stars must be small and sharp, and the scale of the picture must be large. Now the scale of the picture depends directly upon the length of the telescope with which it is taken: to get a large-scale picture one must have a long telescope. A small angular distance in the sky will then correspond to a comparatively large distance upon the plate. That will not produce a gorgeous picture, for the stars will be widely scattered, and all effect of richness will be lost, unless indeed one is photographing one of the great star clusters. But a fifty-thousandth of an inch upon the photograph, which is about the limit of our powers of measurement, will correspond to perhaps a couple of hundredths of a second of arc, an angle as large as the angle between two lines drawn to opposite points on the edge of a penny set up nearly two hundred miles away.

It is clear that when we have a telescope which will produce photographs upon so large a scale, the distances upon the plate of star from star must be measurable with a high order of accuracy. But it was one of the scientific surprises of about fifteen years ago to find that the measurements

which are made upon such a photograph are actually a great deal more accurate than those which could be made by direct measurement at a similar telescope, and that in spite of the fact that a higher degree of magnification can be employed at the telescope than the photograph will profitably bear. The reason is very simple when it is pointed out. It is just this, that the image of a star in the telescope is very rarely absolutely steady. The light from the star, before it reaches the telescope, has to pass through a great depth of our atmosphere, which is, except in rarely favored regions of the world, continually disturbed by currents of air hotter or colder than the rest. Rifle-shots are very familiar with the kind of effect which this produces. On a blazing hot day, when currents of air are rising from the heated ground, they see their target dancing before their eyes, growing taller and shorter, and breaking in pieces, with the bull's-eye now in one corner and now altogether gone. Something of the same thing happens to the star-image when the telescope is set up in any but a few tranquil places, and especially when it is in a country much broken up by mountain-chains or arms of the sea. On all but two or three nights in the year the star-image will be seen dancing and quivering in the telescope, more or less as the air is much disturbed or uniform. And when the observer tries to set the spider-line of his measuring apparatus upon the image, he has to make some kind of estimate of its mean position and set upon that. It is really surprising how accurately this can be done after long experience; but the unsteadiness of the object is bound to set a limit to the accuracy which even the most practised observer can obtain. Now it might be thought that this constant vibration of the object would be more fatal to the photograph than to visual observation; but

it is not so. For the motion is very quick: several times a second does the star make a small jump from its mean position and return to it, and on an average it jumps every way with equal frequency. The consequence is that the photographic plate, which keeps a record of every jump, produces in the end an image which is certainly larger than it ought to be, but which is, as a rule, enlarged equally in every direction, so that its centre remains still where the centre of the image should be. And when the plate is put under the microscope of the measuring machine, and the threads which are moved by the measuring screw set upon the photographic image, the enlargement of the image is small loss compared with the gain which results from the fact that the image is steady. That is whence the real gain in accuracy of observation is derived.

And the gain in convenience is enormous. Suppose that the work in hand is the survey of a rich and complex group of stars. The aim is to lay down the present positions of the stars in that group with all possible accuracy, in order that we may bequeath to future generations of astronomers a complete record of the configuration as it appears to-day. For the present configuration will not remain unchanged for ever. The stars are doubtless in motion with respect to one another, and our whole solar system is in motion through space, so that one day the group will be seen from a sensibly different point of view. Small changes will come to pass in the apparent arrangement of the group, and in the course of years they will develop, so that ultimately something may be discovered of the real structure of that distant region of the universe, and of the laws by which its motions are controlled. The duty of astronomers of to-day is to leave an indubitable record of what we see now: that will be the foundation on which our successors

may be able to rear their theories, when the slow cosmical changes have had time to develop. Now, to make by direct visual observation such a survey of even a small group of stars is a most tedious and troublesome business. It involves many nights of work at the telescope, interrupted often by spells of bad weather, with the transparency and steadiness of the air continually varying, and, worst of all, with a ceaseless change in the conditions which control the many corrections that must be applied to the observations, to free them from determined sources of error,—for no measure made at the telescope is fit to stand as it is made, as an expression of real truth. Night by night the parts of the telescope expand when it is warmer, and shrink when it is cold, introducing into the measures all manner of discrepancies; and there are defects of workmanship still remaining when the maker has done his best, whose effect must be determined and allowed for. The effect of the refraction of the air upon the measures is always altering; the effects of the aberration of light vary with the position of the earth in its orbit round the sun; and the complications which arise from the slow steady swing, and the little swings superposed upon it, of the axis of the earth itself, can scarcely be expressed in words. It requires no elaboration of the argument to make it clear that when a set of measures extends over many hours, or many nights, the calculation of all these things afresh for every single measure consumes a terrible amount of time, and is unspeakably dreary. And the trouble is all due to the fact that the measures made by eye observation at the telescope must be made one after the other. If they could all be made at once there would be only one set of conditions, instead of many, for which the corrections must be calculated and applied. Photography has made this

possible. The sensitive plate will record as easily ten thousand stars as ten; and when it is developed, there is the record of all the stars under exactly the same conditions. It may be put away until a season of cloudy weather stops work at the telescope; it may be measured gradually day by day, as the convenience of the observer, not of the clerk of the weather, may dictate. And when these troublesome corrections of which we have spoken come to be applied, there is only one set to calculate instead of hundreds. One uniform scheme of corrections will apply to the whole of the measures which may be made, entirely because the observations, if we may apply such a term to the processes which go on among the sensitive silver particles embedded in the gelatine film, were made all at once instead of in small successive groups.

That is the most real, and the least obvious to unprofessional eyes, of the benefits which the application of photography have conferred upon the science of astronomical measurement. It is no exaggeration to say that had photography never lent its all-recording aid, it would have been impossible for all the astronomers of this century to accumulate one tithe of the records which have been amassed in the last ten years of the structure of the sky as we see it to-day,—records whose value will increase year by year, until they enable perhaps the astronomers of some future century to learn as much of the laws of the great universe of stars as we know of our little solar system which is set within it.

So much for the exact measurements, which play so large a part in the astronomer's labors, so small a one in the popular conception of them. An astronomer is often regarded as a man who sits up all night watching at his telescope, to be rewarded at last by picking up something new in the sky.

That is certainly how new objects, planets and their satellites, comets, nebulae, were, and still are, discovered, though we shall presently see that photography has invaded, and in great part conquered, this domain also of our science. But greater than the discovery of many comets or nebulae is the discovery of a new law whose effects may be traced in the motions of the celestial bodies, and this comes not of descriptive observation, of merely acute star-gazing, but of accurate measurement. And when the operations of a law have been first roughly traced, qualitatively, if we may borrow a term from chemical analysis, there is next to be performed the quantitative analysis which puts into numbers the effects of the law's operations, and enables us to predict them for the future as we have observed them in the past. Bradley discovered the law of the aberration of light by the pertinacity with which he measured continually the position of a star when his observations began to show traces of some abnormality in its apparent motions for which he could not account. He literally ran the difficulty to earth, for he showed that the effect was due to the motion of the earth in its orbit round the sun, with a speed small, but not absolutely insignificant, compared with the speed with which light travels towards us from the stars. And within the last few years the American astronomer Seth Chandler has discovered the law and evaluated the magnitude of an oscillation in the position of the axis of the earth's figure, which had for years been vitiating the results of all manner of investigations, partly suspected, but not understood, and had driven more than one observatory to despair. It was not detected by any special series of observations made for the purpose, but was sorted out from the results of measures made for divers ends at many observatories throughout

the whole of the past century. And so it has always been a result of measurement when any great advance has been made in our knowledge of the laws which govern the universe. So it will have to be in the solution of the problems which confront astronomers in every direction. Measures, and more measures, and again still more are wanted. To insist that photography has made their accumulation more rapid and more certain is the greatest tribute that can be paid to the telescope's young and powerful ally.

One must not, however, allow enthusiasm for photography as a means to celestial measurement to thrust aside the claims it makes for recognition in many other rôles. As a mere observer the photographic plate possesses certain powers which the eye cannot hope to rival; but, on the other hand, it is in one quality at least conspicuously deficient, and it will be convenient to pause for a moment to draw a sharp line of demarcation between two main classes of descriptive observation, each of which is fruitful of discovery: the detection of minute detail in a bright object, and the detection of objects of the last degree of faintness. The power to excel in both these matters is not always found in the same eye. The man who is keen to pick up the first shred of misty light which betokens the approach of a new comet may be altogether wanting in that curious insight which seems to feel rather than see that a small point of light is not single but double, and that increased magnifying power and a steady night will show one more new double star. And the photographic plate is of all observers the most one-sided in this respect. While it can patiently store up the light from a very faint source until at last an image can be developed, its power of portraying every minute detail is almost contemptible, at present. We say "at present" ad-

visedly, because the chief cause which makes the photograph to fail in this respect may any day be overcome by some chemist's discovery. The cause is this, that the sensitive film is very coarse grained. The particles of silver salt in it are of sensible size, and the image will bear only a small magnification—some twenty diameters—before it begins to split up into individual grains, and then nothing is to be gained by going further. The half-tone process blocks which are used so much for illustration nowadays provide a similar case. Whoever has brought a glass to bear upon one of these, in the hope of seeing fine detail more precisely, will be at no loss to appreciate the meaning of this difficulty. At any time this difficulty of the coarse-grainedness of our plates may be surmounted; but there will always remain the blurring effect of the unsteadiness of the air, which, we have already seen, will enlarge the image of each point into a disc of some size. Even in the steadiest climates this must always stand in the way of photographing extremely fine detail. The plate is too faithful; it records everything that falls upon it, whether it is wanted or not. The trained eye can wait for steady moments, during which it will perceive clearly for an instant what is lost the next in a wave of unsteadiness; and so, by choosing its moments and waiting patiently, it can distinguish what will never be made distinct by the plate, which mixes good and bad together. There remains, then, one field in which the eye is still supreme, the examination of fine detail in the sky, whether in the systems of stars or the surface markings of planets and moons. And when we have mentioned this we have mentioned almost the only field of observation which will be left for those who are conservative enough to work still with the human rather than the photographic retina.

In its power of observing very faint sources of light the photographic plate is supreme. What the eye cannot see in a few seconds of intense gazing, it will never see at all. The light is not strong enough to stimulate the nerves of the retina and convey an appreciable impression to the brain; and no prolonged gazing will help, for whatever impression is produced dies away in a small part of a second, and can be succeeded only by others of the same intensity. With the photographic plate it is quite different. Every small pulse of light which falls on a grain of sensitive silver salt does a little towards breaking up the molecules of which it is made. Wave after wave adds its effect, until at last some of them are decomposed, and an image can be developed. To photograph a very faint source of light is thus, within certain limits, merely a question of continuing the exposure for a sufficient length of time, a matter of skill and patience only. How great is the superiority of the photographic over the eye and pencil method of delineating the forms of the nebulae may be judged from the fact that, until photography was applied, we knew scarcely anything definite about the shape of most of them. Between the drawings of different observers there was a fine dissimilarity: the eye was baffled in the endeavor to follow the complex windings of wisps of light of the last degree of faintness, and no pencil could reproduce the infinitely delicate gradations with which they fade away into empty space. The great nebula in Andromeda is an object which offers to the eye at the telescope an appearance almost uninteresting. It is an oval patch of light which fades away imperceptibly to the edge of the field of view, and shows no structure whatever. By very attentive care the astronomer Bond detected some faint and apparently straight rifts in the outlying portions; but no

definite structure could be satisfactorily made out until in 1885 Dr. Isaac Roberts obtained a photograph of the nebula, which was a revelation. Out of the shapeless mass of faint light and ill-seen channels was evolved a great bright nucleus set in a wonderful structure of rings, like a vast nebulous Saturn, irresistibly suggesting the formation on a tremendous scale of a system of bodies moving round a central sun, after the manner in which Laplace has in his nebular hypothesis pictured the growth of our own system of sun and planets.

This resolution of the Andromeda nebula into a structure so clearly generated by a whirling motion under the action of some such force as gravitation, and offering so tempting a case for the study of celestial dynamics upon a stupendous scale, lent a great impetus to the work of photographing the nebulae. About 6000 of them had been discovered before the days of photography, and very many years ago the famous telescope of the Earl of Rosse had shown that a few of them had a spiral structure. It was very hard to see—scarcely any telescope that was made for years afterwards would show it at all. It was still more difficult to explain, or even to conjecture, what force could twist a great mass of star-stuff—we have no better name for it—into the form of a spiral; and there was even some satisfaction in feeling that, after all, these cases were the exception, and not the rule, and that their explanation was not involved in whatever theories we might have to form about the nebulae in general. Photography has completely upset so sanguine a view of the case. As nebula after nebula has yielded up the secret of its structure to the sensitive plate, more and more cases of the spiral form have been found, with the aggravated complication that the spiral is not single, but as a rule double, and

is studded all along its length with bright knots that look suspiciously like ill-formed stars. And the culminating-point has been reached quite lately in a remarkable statement, modestly hidden away in the description of a new branch of work which has recently been taken up at the Lick Observatory,—taken up four years ago by James Keeler, then newly appointed director and interrupted in the saddest way soon afterwards by his untimely death. At Lick they have now the three-foot reflecting telescope which was mounted by Dr. Common at Ealing more than twenty years ago, and which produced the remarkable early photographs of the Orion nebula which will always be associated with his name. When he set about to build a larger instrument it passed into other hands, and was finally presented to the Lick Observatory, where under the brilliant Californian sky it has first been enabled to show its true worth. It was put to a re-observation by photography of all the nebulae in Herschel's great catalogue, and when the plates were examined they were found covered with nebulae previously unknown, and more than half of these were spirals. It is estimated that there are at the very least 120,000 new nebulae within reach of this instrument, with so large a proportion of them of the class which were of old considered rare that we shall have to invert our notions of these bodies altogether, and for the future look upon a nebula which does not show a spiral structure as the exception rather than the rule. Compare this vast number with the 6000 which were known after a century of diligent star-gazing, and we shall have some small idea of what photography can do for descriptive observation and discovery.

And here the limitations of our space must set bounds to the consideration of an almost illimitable subject. We have left untouched fields of immense

extent: the continuous registration by photography of the state of the surface of the sun; its use during the few precious seconds of a total eclipse of the sun, to accumulate pictures which can be studied continuously without giving up all their secrets before an eclipse comes round again; its application to the purpose of mapping the visible spectra of the stars more minutely than can be done by eye, and of pushing the investigation far into the parts of the spectrum beyond the violet which the eye can never see; and, lastly, that continual survey and record of the state of the sky night by night, which is carried on almost automatically at the observatory where the "celestial policemen" has his beat. To examine them all would but lay greater emphasis upon the part which pho-

tography can play in the business of record and descriptive observation of the sky; and this is perhaps so well known through the beautiful plates that now adorn every text-book, that to insist further upon it might but obscure what has been our principal theme,—that an even higher interest attaches to the work of tracing the laws which govern the motions and the developments of the bodies already known to us than belongs to the more showy work of discovery and description of new and strange objects; that this comes of careful and continuous measurement; and that the highest among the claims which photography has upon our consideration is the fact that it has rendered the art of astronomical measurement at once more expeditious and more accurate.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CENTENARY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Sound of trumpets blowing down the merriest winds of morn,

Flash of hurtless lightnings, laugh of thunders loud and glad,
Here should hail the summer day whereon a light was born

Whence the sun grew brighter, seeing the world less dark and sad.
Man of men by right divine of boyhood everlasting,

France incarnate, France immortal in her deathless boy,
Brighter birthday never shone than thine on earth, forecasting
More of strenuous mirth in manhood, more of manful joy.

Child of warriors, friend of warriors, Garibaldi's friend,

Even thy name is as the splendor of a sunbright sword:
While the boy's heart beats in man, thy fame shall find not end:

Time and dark oblivion bow before thee as their lord.

Youth acclaims thee gladdest of the gods that gild his days:

Age gives thanks for thee, and death lacks heart to quench thy praise.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

A FRIEND OF NELSON.

PREFACE.

I can be nearly sure that at least the greater part of the events here recorded has not been told before. Even if the bare fact of the attempt on Lord Nelson's life be known, I do not think that any of the histories of England, or of Nelson, pretend to give an account of the details. Their makers had not the materials. There were certain reasons why the main incident should be kept quiet; it was but a small matter compared with the vast achievements of Lord Nelson's life, a matter to which he probably gave no thought in the stress of starting for that last voyage, of which Trafalgar was the crown and the conclusion; and the chain of incident leading to it formed part rather of the obscure life of the narrator than of that of the greatest of great admirals.

CHAPTER I.

It has been the observation of many a man wiser than myself, how immense is the chain of circumstance that sometimes hangs on a small and trivial link, how slight the cause whence great events ensue. It is not too much to say of my own life that it was largely influenced by a laugh. And that would be no surprising matter if it were the laughter of a woman that had so influenced it; for it is not to be doubted that many a man, at the turning of the ways that comes in every man's life, has been sent on the way that he has taken by the laughter of a woman. Woman is surely a great factor of our life, and laughter one of her strongest weapons.

But in my case it was no woman's laughter that affected the whole course subsequent of my life, but a man's

laughter, and that man no other than myself. For the moment was a very grim one, a moment at which the catch of laughter comes like a discord across the stream of tragedy.

I must be more explicit. I was serving at that time as master's mate on H.M.S. *Monarch*, Captain Mosse the commander, under the general orders of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson. The date of the ripple of laughter that changed my life was April 2, 1801, and the time about 1.30 P.M. Now it is to be hoped that few for whom I write will be so little conversant with one of the greatest events in the history of their own times as to be ignorant that this was the date of that important engagement off Copenhagen in which Nelson brought the Danes to their senses, and prevented the common enemy of Europe and of the world at that time, the Corsican ruler of France, from making any use of the Danish fleet. He was for the moment in alliance with his most dangerous Continental foe and rival, the Czar Paul of Russia, and with the Danish, the Russian and the Swedish fleets, and all the harbors of the Baltic, at his service, might very well have proved troublesome.

That battle was a hard one. I have been in several sea-fights since, but never in one where ships suffered such damage and crews such loss of life. The notion at one time, before the battle began, was that we should land and assault, and the soldiers that we carried on board had their instructions for the manner of disembarkation to that intent. But in the end no disembarkation took place. It was a fight of artillery and musketry at long range (I speak of the ranges of that day), our ships' guns engaging their land and floating batteries with all guns on both

sides. Had our whole force, with the three-deckers, been able to come into action, without doubt we should have silenced them quickly. As it was, Sir Hyde Parker with more than half the force was some miles down to leeward, trying to tack up, but making no headway. Moreover, two of our own detachment went aground on coming into action, whilst the *Agamemnon* was so anchored that she could not weather the shoals, and these three were all useless for the purpose of the engagement. Therefore we had but nine two-decked ships, with some bomb vessels and frigates, to oppose to their batteries, which consisted, in the first place, of eighteen vessels of all descriptions, including some first-class battleships, moored in a long line before the town; while, in addition, they had a battery on the island of Amak that guarded their right flank, and on the left flank a battery of no fewer than thirty-four guns on the artificial island called the Trekroner. The Amak battery was the southernmost, and the Trekroner the most northerly, end of their fighting-line. We came into battle from the south, and the instructions were that the ships should sail in line, the first to anchor abreast the Amak battery on the south, and the others to take up their stations successively at regular distances from each other towards the north, so that the order of the line became reversed. The *Monarch* being one of the last to come into action, we passed most of the others when they were already engaged, and took up our station nearly opposite the Trekroner battery, bringing up with a shock that made the ship vibrate from stem to stern. The gallant Captain Mosse was killed at the very commencement of the engagement, but few on the ship, I fancy, were aware of the loss we had suffered. There was no need of further manœuvring. Our work lay plain and simple before us—to go on pounding

away with all guns at the batteries opposed. Colonel Hutchinson, in command of his detachment of the Forty-Ninth intended for the assault, had drawn up his men in readiness on the poop and gangway, whence they kept up a musketry fire until mowed down so fast that they were ordered below. This left the Colonel with no special duty to perform. Nevertheless he declined to leave the quarter-deck, and presently I saw him seated on the deck, beside one of the midshipmen, engaged in the humble but useful office of cutting the wads for the guns. I had at this instant come from the main deck, where the carnage had been so dreadful that not a single man was left standing from the mainmast forwards. Several of the guns were run out, ready for firing, and some in the position in which the recoil had left them; but of men to fire them there was none. I was on the point of crossing the deck to mention this to the Colonel and his companion when I was struck by a flying splinter in the region of the base of the skull, and at the same moment a heavy splinter or block of wood struck me on the ankle and brought me to the deck. In the confusion the only person who noticed what had occurred to me was the quartermaster, who came to my assistance, and was for taking me below; but I begged him to allow me remain on deck, knowing how busily the surgeons were engaged and the shambles of the cockpit; so he propped me against a bulkhead, where I lay in rather a dazed state of mind, endeavoring to follow the progress of the action. Presently Colonel Hutchinson rose to his feet, and involuntarily there escaped from my lips a peal of most incongruous laughter, for, ever the smartest of the smart, he had been sitting in his new uniform breeches on the deck, which was in a state of shocking disorder from the grime of the powder, the blood, the splinters, and the smoke.

And the condition of his lately spick-and-span uniform was shown as he rose to be nothing short of deplorable. I have not a doubt that I was weakened by that blow on my head, and scarce knew what I was doing; but the Colonel, always a lover of a joke, took my laughter in excellent part, actually joining in it himself, with the observation, "By George, sir, you are a plucky fellow to have a laugh on your lips at a moment like this, and with a broken leg besides to help you see the joke," an encomium that I deserved not the least in the world, for I was, I think, light-headed for the time being, and scarcely knew what I said or did. Thereafter, till the end of the action, the Colonel was constantly by my side with a kindly, cheering word, telling me, to the best of his ability, how things were going. The firing gradually slackened on both sides, until we were hailed by Rear-Admiral Graves, coming from the *Elephant*, Lord Nelson's flagship, with the order to cut our cable and follow him out, an order we had no little trouble in obeying, both for lack of sound sails and sound hands to hoist them. We were fouled by the *Ganges*, but eventually got clear, and came to anchor at 6 P.M. with the best bower, the only one left, but with the gallant blue ensign still flying aloft.

CHAPTER II.

I kept no diary or account of the action off Copenhagen; but in Colonel Hutchinson's diary, which he wrote up daily, it is noted that "the *Monarch* lost during the action in killed and wounded 240 men, and had all her masts shot through, her rigging in general cut to pieces, her wheel shot away, fourteen guns disabled, and innumerable shot through her." In a word, we suffered more heavily, certainly, than any other ship in the engagement, for we had been opposed to that formidable bat-

tery of the *Trekroner* from shortly after 10 A.M., when we came into action, until nearly three o'clock in the afternoon—a heavy day's work.

The victory was complete enough had it been left to Lord Nelson only to push it to its right conclusion, the capture of the Russian fleet of twelve sail in Revel. That this could have been achieved Lord Nelson never doubted; but he was not in supreme command—second only to Sir Hyde Parker.

It may well be believed that after our battering from the Three Crown Island neither the good ship *Monarch* nor myself was in condition for any more immediate fighting, and we both had to go to dock for a week or two. Lord Nelson, a few days after the battle, took Colonel Hutchinson on board his own ship, and I have not the least doubt that I owe most of my subsequent life, with its ups and downs, its ins and outs, to that circumstance. Some weeks after the battle of Copenhagen an order came out recalling Sir Hyde Parker and placing Lord Nelson in command of the fleet, and to my immense surprise I was summoned by his Lordship to go on board his own ship with the title of junior lieutenant. I was even then convinced that I owed this most important step in my profession to the recommendation of my good friend Colonel Hutchinson, although at that time he would not confess to it, for on my introduction to Lord Nelson his Lordship's first words were, "So this is the gentleman who laughs at his superior officer's breeks."

On this, that was my very first meeting with the great Admiral, I have to confess my feeling was one of some slight disappointment. Possibly it must always be so when one meets for the first time in the flesh a fellow-creature who has assumed heroic proportions in one's mind. Unconsciously one has formed the expectation, utterly unreasonable, of seeing heroic qualities ex-

pressed by his person, his features, and his address, and a chill of disillusionment when this utterly foolish expectation fails of fulfilment is perhaps inevitable. Later, when the long and familiar intercourse with which he honored me had taught me more reasonable appreciation, I found my admiration increased to far greater extent than I had ever carried it in the days of my unreasoning ignorance, when his figure and character were the fiction of my own young fancy.

And how more kindly, in point of fact, in what manner more calculated to set a young man at his ease, could he have couched his first address to me than in this laughing allusion to the ridiculous incident on which so much in my life turned? Therein was at once revealed to me one of the most characteristic traits which I learned to appreciate by fuller knowledge of him—a pleasant and considerate kindness which studied to put all about him at their ease. His many-sided character showed other facets, it is true, less admirable, in daily intercourse—a petulance, a vanity, that seemed like a contradiction of the heroic qualities, and yet reminded me irresistibly none the less of the singular disposition of those Greek heroes of whom we used to read in our Homer at school. Again and again it has struck me how much our hero had in common with them—an intensely human figure, winning our sympathy by his weakness as he wins our admiration by the almost superhuman genius which made him more completely master of the situation in proportion as it grew more desperate. During these days and weeks on the Baltic I saw him, perhaps, in a position least of all calculated to show his character to advantage. He was placed in supreme command just at the time when the dilatoriness of his late superior had allowed the moment of advantage to slip by. He was compelled

to an inaction under which his spirit always chafed and his health always suffered. He had been longing to go home, yet could not refuse the command. Nevertheless his zeal did not for a moment slacken. Soon after five in the morning he rose, and had transacted all business for the day by eight. He was exceedingly hospitable, and there was scarcely a meal without a guest or two from one of the other ships of the fleet, or from the wardroom or gunroom messes of his own ship, and he was always a pleasant host.

Lord Nelson's figure and features are, of course, too well known to need description. He was about my height—that is to say, of the lower-middle measure, with a slight figure, again not unlike my own. Nor were our features, as I have been told, dissimilar. But I cannot for a moment delude myself with the idea that my own had any of that expression of conscious command which was so characteristic of the great Admiral—more especially in his greatest moments. Ridiculous indeed would it have been on part of the hero-worshipping young lieutenant to ape the mien of the great man whom he worshipped.

I was with Lord Nelson about a month in all at this time, and no more, for about Midsummer the Admiralty yielded to his strongly expressed wish and allowed him to return home on leave; but for myself I stayed on with the rest of the fleet until the end of October, and subsequently served under Lord Nelson's orders in the squadron "on a particular service" until the signing of the Peace of Amiens in the spring of 1802.

There was no secret about the nature of this particular service for which the squadron under Lord Nelson's command was intended. It was not until the ship was paid off and I was free to return to my home in Sussex that I realized, by the strength of the reac-

tion, the stress of the national alarm during the time that we had been in the Baltic and in the Channel. Buonaparte had openly announced his intention of invading England; a flotilla of transports, it was said, had been collected at Boulogne. Lord Nelson, at the request of the Admiralty, drew up detailed plans for repelling the threatened invasion, and the "particular service" for which his squadron was designed was to act as a patrol of the Channel for the safeguard of the British coast.

CHAPTER III.

On my arrival home I found the little village of Withyham bedecked with flowers and triumphal arches in my honor. The village lies on the edge of the great Ashdown Forest, some half-way along the coach road between Tunbridge Wells and East Grinstead. As the coach came to a stop before the doors of the Dorset Arms, a mighty peal of bells rang out from the church tower. In less time than I can write it I found myself forcibly lifted from the coach and transferred, in the arms of a cheering populace, to one of Her Grace's own carriages which stood in readiness, save only that no horses were harnessed to it. The meaning of this very quickly became apparent, for no sooner had I taken my place than the village folk seized the carriage and began to draw it along by the shafts and traces. I now, for the first time, began to get my senses back, and shouted to the people to stop. "Stop, stop," I said, "stop for Reuben Elphick."

This Reuben Elphick was not a villager of Withyham, but was of the parish, his father living on the forest of Ashdown, where he had the common rights of an inter-tenant, as it is called. Reuben had served as A.B. on Nelson's own ship, the *Elephant*, in the battle of

Copenhagen, where he had been slightly wounded by a splinter above the left eye, a mishap which had given to his features, never of the most classical, a cast of expression so singularly forbidding that, as he himself, who was no little of a wag, described it, "it would make a child cry." He was a small, black-visaged man, with hairy eyebrows and twinkling eyes beneath them. When the ships were paid off Reuben had accompanied me up to London, and was again my companion in the stage down to Sussex. All the folk in the village knew Reuben, and perhaps in their excitement there was no other name by which I could have conjured them to stop; but hearing his name they stopped fast enough. "Reuben Elphick!" they shouted, "why, where be he?" By that time Reuben himself had got down off the coach and discovered himself to such of the crowd as were not too much occupied with me; and in another moment the whole assembly were shouting for Reuben Elphick as loud as they shouted for me a second previous. They took Reuben up and put him beside me in her Grace of Dorset's carriage; and there we two sat, looking mighty foolish, as I should imagine, and were dragged along, with the people shouting, running by our side, waving flags, laughing and crying in their emotion, especially Reuben's wife, who was in a state bordering on the hysterical and calling out all the while, "Oh, they villains, that have made a real beauty of ye!" referring to the sad condition of her husband's eye.

We went up by the way behind the Dorset Arms, that being the shorter, and missing the worst of the hill, and passed under arches set up at every few yards with "God save the King!" "Welcome the Brave!" (that was Reuben and I) and "God save Lord Nelson!" At the entry gate to Buckhurst was a greater honor than any before

in store for us, for there stood her Grace herself, with the young Duke and all the family, awaiting us, and my mother, who was second cousin to his late Grace, with the rest; and at sight of her it seemed to me that I did not want any more applause or shouting, but just to go back with her to her own little house in the park, and sit on the floor beside her with my head on her knee, as I used to do when I was a little chap, and tell her all that had befallen us, about the great Admiral, and all. She had her house in the park, where she lived with my sister, that his late Grace had given her when my father died and left her with none too many of this world's goods to bless herself with, and with a son (that is, myself) and a daughter to bring up. Thanks to the kindness of Uncle Dorset, as he allowed me to call him, she managed it, giving me a good education, and, thanks further to his influence in high places, a good start in the Navy, which my light-headed laugh at a superior's uniform breeches seemed in a fair way to make the most of.

However, I had to put off my talk with her for the present, for at the moment it was necessary that we should go straight off to a mighty banquet prepared in the old tennis-court at Buckhurst, that was arranged as a banqueting hall for the occasion. Of course they had Reuben to take part in the honor, even as he had taken part in the danger.

But I must pass by all this quickly—all the drinking of healths and the rest of it, and above all the long talks, such as I had promised myself, with my dear mother. It was then only, I think, that I fully learned the intense anxiety that all England had suffered in expectation of Buonaparte's threatened invasion. It was an anxiety that had touched our own county of Sussex perhaps more closely than any other, seeing how open we lay to the French

attack and directly opposite the French shore. At Anthony Hill, near Eastbourne, as I was told, they had established a fort and barracks of ten thousand men, and these, with the martello towers along the coast, would, it was hoped, serve to repel any attack of Buonaparte's people, if they should succeed in evading or overcoming Lord Nelson's dispositions for the defence at sea. Moreover, close beside us at Copthorne, which is not above eight or nine miles from Buckhurst itself, was the rendezvous in case of invasion for all the families in the Rapes (a local name of an administration division of the county) of Pevensey and Lewes. Such preparations as these brought home to me, more convincingly than aught else could have done, the reality of the terror inspired in all men's minds by a mere threat with which the name of Buonaparte was associated. Never weary, too, were my dear mother and sister of listening to my accounts of our doings on the Baltic, and especially of all that had to do with the great Admiral. It was thus really that I learned the immense space that he occupied in the nation's mind. Always, as I talked with my mother of Lord Nelson, I was partly conscious that she had not spoken out to me all she had to say, or asked every question that she had to ask; but for a while I could not probe to the bottom of this matter. At length it would be denied no longer, and she asked me what truth there was in the stories of Lord Nelson's relations with the lady at Merton, Sir William Hamilton's wife. I was able to speak with most perfect confidence in his Lordship's integrity, knowing in truth at that time nothing of the affair more than was common talk of all men. Later, it will appear, I came to know more. For the present I was able to point out to my good mother Lord Nelson's piety, his high sense of honor, of duty, all of which made it inconceiv-

able that he could be living such a life of deceit at the expense of one whom he ever represented as his best friend—I mean Sir William Hamilton—as the stories in the mouths of the *quidnuncs* would imply. Lord Nelson in the Baltic ever had his Bible beside his berth. Often he would choose the subject for the chaplain's discourse on a Sunday. In a word, he was a man of such unaffected and deep piety that any supposition such as the gossip of the time suggested was quite inconceivable on the part of any who knew his charac-

Longman's Magazine.

ter. All this I told my mother, to her very great comfort and content, for, as she averred, it had been a grievous thought to her that a man who was the nation's hero and darling could be setting so evil an example as these stories went to show. Hereafter she was able to bless Nelson in her thoughts, and mention him in her prayers, without any of the misgiving that she had felt before lest his private life were altogether unworthy of the heroic figure that he made in public affairs.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

(To be continued.)

A LONDONER'S LOG BOOK.

XVI.

When I was describing the Church Congress at Brighton, I avowed a keen interest in Clerical Zoology. Just now I am "specializing," as the educationists say, in that agreeable science. I have forsaken the wider fields of Genera and Species, and concentrate my attention on a particularly fine Specimen. Ever since the foggy night in March when Jack Bumpstead, to use his own phrase, "got it off his chest," a livelier iris has changed upon that burnished dove; or, to drop the Tennysonian metaphor, there has been a remarkable alteration in our curate's personal appearance since he was engaged to Bertha. His hair, which aforetime looked as if he had been dragged through a quickset hedge backwards, is now carefully parted and smoothly brushed, while a faint odor of lime-juice glycerine pervades the "boudoir" in which he spends most of his time. His hands, which were a little unfinished and more than a little red, have, I fancy, been submitted to a process of manicure and are thrust, all unwillingly, into *gants de*

suède. He has discarded the greased shooting-boots in which he used to perform his pastoral rounds, in favor of buttoned elegancies from the Burlington Arcade; and I have even heard rumors of possible developments in the way of patent leather. The shapeless jacket in which he formerly delighted is now reserved for parochial visitation. When he comes to see Bertha he wears a well-cut frock coat with braided edgings. From his watch-chain—no longer silver, but golden—there hangs a large locket containing Bertha's photograph. The whole edifice is crowned by a "topper" of unusual brilliancy, and a neatly folded umbrella with a hooked handle of bamboo completes the transformation.

Surveying these outward signs of the soft passion, Selina, who never does things by halves, proclaims that Jack looks, as he always did, like a thorough gentleman and that for her own part she cannot conceive what anyone can see to admire in a namby-pamby barber's-block—by which injurious phrase I understand her to indicate her former idol, Mr. Soulsby. That divine, him-

self scrupulous in all matters of attire, murmurs approval of Bumpstead's altered appearance. "The interior man was always a gem of the purest ray; but the casket needed a little polishing."

The Fishers in Deep Waters, however, incline to a different view; and one or two of them who have toiled for a considerable period and caught nothing, are disposed to resent our Bertha's easy victory, and declare that they always thought there was a rather worldly side to Mr. Bumpstead's character and that he is now most suitably matched. But, after all, Bertha is the person principally concerned, and she is in a condition of radiant contentment. She has presented Jack with a silver cigarette-case and a sumptuously-bound copy of "The Road-Mender." They have just gone off together to the Academy, and have arranged with Selina and me to meet them for luncheon at the Carlton. A bunch of lilies of the valley in Jack's button-hole elicited some jocose comment from those of us who remember his studied disregard of appearances this time last year; but to all such obvious banter he replies, with genial equanimity, that when a chap's got to take his girl out, he's bound to tog himself up a bit.

It will be inferred from the foregoing particulars of our young friend's development that the course of true love is running smoother than it ran six weeks ago. This is so; and I attribute the improvement, in great measure, to Selina's decisive action at a critical moment. As we saw last month, old Mr. Bumpstead tried conclusions with her, and failed—as many another had failed on many a previous occasion. As I contemplated his discomfiture, Matthew Arnold's lines rose unbidden to my lips:

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?

Better men fared thus before thee;

Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

It needed only the substitution of "She" for "They," to make the analogy perfect.

In his conversation with us about the engagement, old Bumpstead "fired his ringing-shot" at Absurdity and Impossibility, stipends and settlements; and "hotly charged" against the idea that he was to support a daughter-in-law as well as a son. But Selina was fully equal to the assault, and the grand old warrior "sank at last." If only he had consulted me beforehand I could have told him what would happen. He now uses a very different tone; says that it's natural enough for young people to fall in love; that certainly Jack has been uncommonly fortunate in finding such a girl as Bertha; that a father must, if necessary, even pinch himself a little in order to make things possible, and that he could not bear the feeling that his son had any reason to wish him out of the way.

This chastened note is as music in the ears of Selina, who never spares a conquered foe. "Absurd old creature!" she exclaims. "I thought he would come to his senses before long. I really believe he thought he could intimidate me with those great spectacles and that shining head. As if I was going to let dear little Bertha's life be ruined to please an old goose like that! It was nothing in the world but stinginess, and I hope I let him see that I saw through him. Talking of his daughter's fortunes, indeed! As if anyone didn't know perfectly well that he has always been horrid to those poor girls, and would never leave them a penny more than he is obliged to! And then his impudence in talking about a second marriage! Really, the vanity of these old creatures is more disgusting than their stinginess. But, all the same, my dear Robert, *you* needn't give yourself any credit. I firmly believe you

would have let yourself be crowed over by that old goose, and talked into sacrificing Bertha, if I hadn't been there to keep you up to the mark. You have no more courage than a mouse, although you are such a size. It's I who always have to do the fighting."

It is bare justice to say that no lady of my acquaintance is better qualified for that particular function than my Selina, for whom life without controversy would have lost its savor. But the triumph of having subdued old Mr. Bumpstead does not account for the whole of her present elation: some part of it, I am persuaded, has its source in remoter memories. Mentally she is fighting all her battles o'er again, and thrice she routs her foes, and thrice she slays the slain. As she sees Jack Bumpstead figuratively (and not seldom literally) prone at her sister's feet, and glories in the triumph of her tactics, she recalls that long distant evening at the Loamshire Hunt-Ball, when I "sate out" with her after supper, and she told old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer that I had proposed and she had accepted me.

Meanwhile I hear of certain transactions (which to my unaccustomed ear have something of a simoniacal sound) between old Mr. Bumpstead and the octogenarian Rector of Fox-Hole Magna; which, with the annexed parish of Fox-Hole Parva and the chapelry of Cubbington, has been, time out of mind, the Family Living of the Bumpsteads. But on these sacred topics a discreet silence is advisable; and it has been settled that for the time being at any rate, Jack is to retain the curacy of St. Ursula's and Bertha to energize, as usual, in her district. They are to be married at the end of July, and, on returning from their honeymoon, are to establish themselves in a "Bijou Residence," which Selina has found for them in Lower Stucco Place. As far as I can see, Jack's contribution to the furnishing will consist chiefly of pipe-

racks, pewter pots, and framed photographs of college groups and football teams. But Bertha has a very pretty taste in decoration; makes long voyages of discovery to Wardour Street and Brompton Road, and is in constant correspondence with Maple and Liberty. Of course, the *trousseau* engages Selina's closest attention, and it is distinctly understood that dear old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer is to pay for it. In the matter of presents, Selina has refurbished some rather pretty amethysts which were given to her by an aunt in India, and may therefore escape recognition; and I have added an Oriental Zircon—a stone much to be commended to those who wish to combine splendor with economy. The Cashingtons, rightly determined to lead the fashion of Stuccovia, have given a diamond star, and the Bounderleys have followed at a respectful distance with a coral locket. Old Lady Farringford has sent a print of Queen Victoria's coronation in a maple frame, which formerly adorned her back dining-room—not, of course, because it costs her nothing, but because "You see, my dear it's so appropriate to the present year."

Tom Topham-Sawyer with delicate pleasantry, says: "I suppose you expect me to fork out a cheque; and all I can say is that, if you do, you'll find yourselves jolly well mistaken. My mother's jointure is quite ridiculous for the size of the property. I don't believe she can spend half of it. The girls' fortunes were settled in the days when land paid. My income isn't half what it was when I succeeded; and Beach, with his blooming Budgets, has pretty well done for me. It's all mighty fine to talk about Income-Tax. Pretty soon it will be all Tax and no Income. So if I come down with something towards the expense of the Breakfast, that's just about as much as I can manage."

It will be inferred from this ingenious allocution that Bertha is to be

married at the Sawpits. At first there was some talk of a wedding at St. Ursula's, and it was to have been made an occasion of high parochial festivity. Mr. Soulsby wrote a new wedding-hymn—or, as he preferred to call it a "sacred epithalamium"—which was to have been sung to music composed by Mrs. Soulsby. The Fishers in Deep Waters were to have walked in procession behind the bridesmaids, and the bridegroom was to have been attended by a deputation of grateful shop-assistants, whose teeth had been knocked down their throats at the Parochial Club. All this would have been, to use the Vicar's favorite phrase, "very teaching"; but Bertha set her face against it with unmistakable determination. The fact is that Mr. Soulsby's matrimonial ministrations are a little at a discount in Stuccovia. His taste in arranging an arch of artificial palms over the chancel gate is unequalled, and his white stole embroidered with love-knots and arrows, is the envy of all his clerical brethren; but his oratorical instinct sometimes runs away with him, and the extempore harangues which he substitutes for the prescribed discourse about Abraham and Sarah are not always felicitous. Only the other day the Barrington-Bounderleys' eldest girl was married at St. Ursula's to General Padmore—who certainly had one wife in Brompton Cemetery, even if we leave out of account his Indian experiences, of which old Lady Farringford had heard a good deal from her late husband. As this blushing bridegroom rose slowly from his knees, rendered a little stiff

By pangs arthritic that infest the toe
Of libertine excess,

the undaunted Soulsby opened his discourse: "Dear brother and sister, you are entering on a new phase of being. Strange and untried experiences lie before you. You will encounter little

trials of temper, little demands of daily self-surrender, of which you have hitherto known nothing"; and, after a good deal of maundering eloquence on this infelicitous topic, ended by saying that the knot which he had just tied was tied for ever, and that General and Mrs. Padmore were man and wife to all eternity.

This misplaced rhetoric roused all Selina's ire. "Did you ever hear such stuff?" she exclaimed as the wedding guests fought their way into the porch. "*Strange and untried experiences*," indeed! Poor Hildegard Bounderley is inexperienced enough, I admit; but it must be forty years if it's an hour since that dreadful old General was first married. And as for all that nonsense about Eternity, I should like to know what the last Mrs. Padmore thinks of it—let alone the colored lady in Upper Burmah. Really Mr. Soulsby might have found out that the bridegroom had been married again and again, and have contented himself with the Prayer Book, which, at any rate, steers clear of these difficulties."

It probably was the recollection of this oratorical miscarriage which governed Bertha's decision. Anyhow, she said that she must and would be married at home, and that the ceremony should be performed by their dear old Vicar, Mr. Borum, who christened her and prepared her for Confirmation. To this arrangement Selina, who had been a little apprehensive that Bertha might wish to be married from our house, and might thereby involve us in a good deal of expense, yielded a fervent assent; adding that though, to be sure, poor old Borum mumbled dreadfully, and generally lost his place, still he was infinitely preferable to Mr. Soulsby, whose flummery addresses, all about mystic bonds and eternal unions, had often made her feel quite uncomfortable.

As I write these lines, the chilly

blast of May shakes the window panes, and the "unwelcome wild North-East-er" penetrates the jerry-built walls of Stucco Square. These cheerful tokens of incipient Summer remind me that we are approaching a season dedicated to national festivity. Even the preparations for Bertha's wedding must relax their intensity till the Coronation is over. During the month of June we shall live in a whirl of patriotic excitement, and the premonitory symptoms are already beginning to make themselves felt. Even the placid pulse of Stuccovia beats more quickly, and the madness stirs all bloods. Old Lady Farringford, who improvidently cut up the train which she wore in 1838 into pelisses for the present Lord Farringford and his brothers, declines to attend the ceremony, but has enriched the Parish Magazine with some "Recollections of the last Coronation," which her admirers call "chatty" and "chirpy," and her enemies stigmatize as doddering. Soulsby has conceived a highly spiritual design for the Parochial Dinner to the Poor: the eating and drinking are to be cut down to mixed biscuits and lemonade, and there is to be no tobacco; but each diner is to receive a "Souvenir Edition of the Coronation Service," printed on vellum and bound in Royal red.

The Burlington-Bounderleys who will be in the Abbey are naturally a little elated. Mrs. Bounderley gives private views of the gown which she intends to wear, and Bounderley retails conversations with Lord Hugh Cecil about the spiritual significance of the ceremony. "I said to him, 'Hugh, my dear boy, you've put the thing in an entirely new light to me. Your father couldn't have done it better. By the way I hope there's no truth in this rumor of his retiring directly after the Coronation? Tell him, from me that if he'll stick to us, we'll stick to him.'"

For some time past Selina has been worrying my life out about places for the Procession. She had "no notion of paying a fortune for the privilege of getting sunstroke on an open stand," and was bitterly sarcastic at my failure to obtain seats at Boodles'.

"That's you all over, Robert—muddling away all your time in those stupid clubs; and then, when just for once in a lifetime they might be useful, making a mess of the whole thing. You will never persuade me that you couldn't have got the seats if you had been a little sharper. My own belief is that you didn't try."

"That was the song, the song for me" during the greater part of April and May; but presently the tune was changed by a most opportune intervention.

Young Lady Farringford, whose husband is always fishing when he isn't hunting or shooting and therefore has no house in London, wrote to Selina, and made an unexpected offer. With a magnificence worthy of her father, Solomon Van Oof, who made the corner in canvas-backed ducks, this royal daughter of the great Republic offered to take our modest residence at a hundred pounds a week for the month of June, provided that we left servants in the house, writing-paper in the blotting-books, flowers in the vases, and dinner ordered at 9 sharp. For one moment Selina hesitated. *Budge*, said the Fiend of Cupidity. *Budge not*, said the Conscience of Birth.

"Certainly, it is very disgusting that we should see nothing of the Coronation, and people like Lady Farringford and Mrs. Bounderley should actually be in the Choir. But, as Robert has mismanaged so dreadfully at his clubs I suppose it can't be helped. And, for my own part, I shall be glad of a little quiet after all the toll of getting Bertha's *trousseau*. So we shall go down to Loamshire, and stay with

mamma till the wedding is over. Of course, Bertha will go with us, and Jack will come down as often as mamma will have him. And, after the wedding, there will be visits; and, what with one thing and what with another, I don't suppose we shall be settled here again before the winter."

And so my fate is fixed. For an indefinite period I am to be exiled from my beloved London, and of necessity the Londoner's Log-Book comes to an end. "To-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens æquor*."

With prophetic gaze I look ahead, and see the day of departure, and the luggage-laden cabs standing at our door. Muggins is struggling with Selina's largest trunk, and a little group

The Cornhill Magazine.

of neighbors is gathered on the pavement.

Robert: "Good-bye, Soulsby; don't overdo yourself with that Parochial Dinner. Good-bye, Bounderley; let me know if the King nods to you at the Coronation. Good-bye, Jack; I suppose we shall see you down at The Sawpits before very long. Good-bye, everybody."

Selina: "Do get in, Robert. I'm sure you have said good-bye often enough. We're not going to the North Pole. I know we will be late. How tiresome you are! and what an age Muggins takes to get that trunk up! Robert, if you don't get in I shall certainly go on without you. Euston Station, cabman, and please drive as fast as you can. Robert, get in!"

(The End.)

THE KAISER'S FLEET.

For fourteen years we have plumed ourselves upon the determination which was revealed by the passing of the Naval Defence Act. The nation pledged itself to spend nearly twenty-two millions sterling in strengthening the British Fleet. The House of Commons was not a little surprised at its temerity and extravagance. If, however, this act of marine insurance is reviewed in the light of later events, and if we bear in mind the wealth of this country and its geographical situation, its scattered Empire, amounting to nearly a quarter of the globe, and its mercantile navy, which is still equal to the merchant shipping of all the other Great Powers combined, the magnitude of the expenditure on this measure of Imperial insurance is not so apparent. We have now a standard by which to measure the greatness of our

achievement. If the circumstances of the two countries are considered, the British Act shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the German Navy Bill of 1900, which authorizes the expenditure of 73,000,000*l.* on new men-of-war and 13,000,000*l.* on dockyards in which they can be repaired. Great as is the outlay which is being made from year to year in accordance with this scheme, the dominant feature of the Bill is its statesmanlike completeness. The British Naval Defence Act was sadly lacking in foresight. It aimed merely at the provision of ships, and in subsequent years the Admiralty have been struggling to repair the omissions—to supply crews to man the vessels, dockyards in which to repair them, and ammunition and stores with which to send them to sea. The German measure takes account of all the needs of

the fleet which it is to create. It provides for the gradual growth of the number of officers from 1,285 to 3,090, while the crews will be increased from 21,528 to 55,809. It makes provision for every detail of the ships down to the last rivet, to the smallest midshipman and the least important man in the ships' companies, while the extension of the organization at the great naval ports and at the headquarters at Berlin will proceed *pari passu* with the construction of the men-of-war.

But the central fact in this Bill is the building of the ships, which will include thirty-eight battleships, and fourteen large and thirty-eight small cruisers—in short, a new fleet. After these vessels have been completed they will form the battle squadrons and scouts of the German Empire, and behind them will be other ships of older date, which will form a valuable reserve. The Kaiser has adopted a variation of the standard of age of the British Admiralty. A battleship, it is held, will become ineffective at the end of twenty-five years, and a cruiser at the end of twenty years, and as ships reach the age specified for each class, they are replaced by new ones. The new vessels will be built at once, but the old ones will continue to figure in the Navy as reserves for the purpose of local defence. Consequently, in 1920, when the Bill will have run its course and done its work, the German Navy will comprise fifty-five battleships, of which thirty-eight will be thorough modern vessels, while the other seventeen, though old, will be fit for useful service near a base.¹ Behind these battleships will be the fifty-two cruisers already mentioned, and flotillas of torpedo craft. This will be the strength of the German Fleet in 1920. How will it compare with the British Fleet? Including all the ships building we possess forty-three battleships launched

since the passing of the Naval Defence Act. If we continue to build at the present rate of two battleships a year we shall have forty-one battleships with modern equipment in 1920, with a certain number of older ships. In other words, eighteen years hence the British battle squadron will be three battleships stronger than that of Germany. The prospect is that not only will Germany be the second greatest naval Power in the world, but in numerical strength her battle squadrons will compare with ours, and will certainly exceed in fighting value such ships as we shall be able to allocate to the defence of the "near seas." She already possesses in her First Squadron a force superior to any which we maintain outside the Mediterranean. It comprises eight battleships and a proportion of cruisers, a homogeneous force of five of the latest *Kaiser* class and three of the *Brandenburg* class, with a large reserve of older vessels. In 1920 this squadron with its reserves will have grown to thirty-four battleships, half of which will always be in commission. The truth is that Germany can now, and will in the future, concentrate her fleet in the North Sea, whereas we have claims in the Mediterranean and in the Far East, where we rub shoulders with France and Russia, not to mention our increasing colonial responsibilities in the Pacific and the Atlantic. Great as is the Empire, great must be the protection that is afforded to it. Germany has as yet only a small oversea empire, and her seaborne trade bears no comparison with ours. The wars of the future will be to some extent commercial wars—at least this will be the first phase of a naval struggle—and the German people are already preparing for the burdens they are only too anxious to bear. There is no parallel in history to such statesmanlike foresight as is embodied in the German Navy Bill. It has been

¹ "German Empire of To-Day."

passed not because Germany has vast territories, peoples, or trade, which require safeguarding by a fleet, but because the German nation, and particularly the Kaiser himself, has faith in the future, and is determined to be prepared. In this Bill can be recognized the magnificent conception of a prophet. Most of the members of the Reichstag who voted for this great insurance scheme knew well that they would not live to see many of the great ships which it is to call into life. Led by the Emperor they had faith. They will not walk the decks of the great ironclads and swift scouts of war, but theirs will be the glory of the day when the German Navy rides the ocean in all its majesty, and they have been content to take upon themselves the sacrifices of the present for the sake of those who will come after.

It may be that the conception of a powerful navy emanated from Prince Bismarck, but it was the Emperor, the student of war, and would-be architect of a great oversea empire, who gave it shape. He it was who encouraged, if he did not start, the German Navy League. It is his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, who, at the Emperor's wish, has placed himself at the head of this national movement, which has awakened on the banks of the Rhine a realization of the meaning of sea-power. The organization has rapidly spread throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, and it now boasts of 600,000 members. The membership is still increasing and its financial resources are so great that it is able to flood the German States with naval literature, and with pictures of the ships and of evolutions carried out at sea, so that landsmen who have never been to the coast may become interested in the growing marine strength of the Empire. At the head of the agitation for a strong navy the Emperor from the first has placed himself—himself studying

all the problems that the construction of a modern fleet suggests, himself drawing charts to indicate the relative strength of the navies of the world, and to point the moral of Germany's weakness, and himself seizing every opportunity, the launch of some armor-clad or fleet cruiser, or the farewell to a crew bound for foreign service, to preach to his people the gospel of sea-power. He has inspired, coaxed, and almost dragooned his advisers, and the Bill of 1900 is the first great monument of his reign. What is the ambition of the Kaiser and those who speak and act for him? In the preamble to the Navy Bill occurs this statement:

Germany must have a fleet of such strength that a war even against the mightiest naval Power would involve such risks as to threaten the supremacy of that Power.

For this purpose it is not absolutely necessary that the German Fleet should be as strong as that of the greatest naval Power, because generally a great sea Power will not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us. But even if it should succeed in meeting us in superior force, the enemy would be so much weakened in overcoming the resistance of a strong German Fleet that, if a victory were gained, the foe's supremacy would not be secured to it by a sufficient fleet for the time being.

The greatest sea Power is and must be Great Britain. The purpose of the increase in the German Fleet cannot be more clearly indicated than it is by this short quotation.

There are two sides to every picture, and the energy which the Emperor is showing in strengthening the position of the Navy League is due to the knowledge that powerful forces are ranged against the successful operation of the measure. Germany is not rich, and it is passing through a period of commercial embarrassment, the end of

which cannot be foreseen. Already the burden of taxation presses heavily on the population, and must press still more heavily as year by year, on a sliding scale, the demands for the fleet increase. A great influence against the growth in naval expenditure is wielded by the Socialists. Socialism has honey-combed the Empire, and may become an obstacle to the realization of the Emperor's dreams. Rigorous legislation may for a time appear to silence the movement, but under an increasing burden of taxation, coupled with the flow of population into the already over-populated towns, and the swelling repugnance to conscription, Socialism will not lack the soil for steady growth. Though the Navy Bill has been passed, its purpose is not yet accomplished, and many events are possible. At present, however, the Bill exists and is being yearly carried into effect, and it must be reckoned with as the expression of national purpose.²

The number of ships which are being built for the German Fleet has been indicated, but we should make a serious mistake if we assumed that the strength of the squadrons which are now being constructed will be assessable by the simple mode of "counting noses." The Kaiser has inspired the Bill which is giving the nation these men-of-war, and he is also inspiring those who will man them—and his watchword is efficiency. It is impossible to appreciate the value of the German Fleet unless the personality of the Emperor himself, reflected in the thoughts and words and acts of every officer, man, and boy is recognized. We have a Royal Navy; Germany has a *Marine Königlich und Kaiserlich*, a navy of the King and Emperor. It is a personal force. The Kaiser is at its head literally as well as nominally. His Majesty studies with patient care its me-

chanical development, settles the movements of the ships, approves the appointments of all the officers, and himself selects those who fill the highest and most responsible positions afloat and in the bureaux ashore. On the decks of the vessels one sees the portrait of this "father of his people," and sharing all the buffeting of the seas, the cold of winter and the heat of summer, the isolation of the boundless ocean and the stern regimen of the naval life, is the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia. His Imperial Highness, smart in bearing, with bright blue eyes, fair hair, and trim beard and moustache and the fair complexion of a Dane, looks every inch the modern sailor. After twenty-five years in the Navy, filling all the usual subordinate positions in turn, he has risen step by step to the rank of vice-admiral, and has the command of the First Squadron of the Fleet, the finest collection of ships in Europe, excepting only the British force of thirteen battleships in the Mediterranean. The presence of the Emperor's younger brother, the portraits of the ruler of the German Empire, the regulations bearing the Kaiser's sign manual—everything impresses a visitor to the ships with the conviction that this is a personally inspired force; and yet the sight of the boards on which are set out each month's national anniversaries, great victories or royal birthdays, reminds one also that it is a great national force, and that the Emperor would have his officers and men good lovers of the State, and proud of the Double Eagle, as well as loyal subjects.

During the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia and his squadron to Ireland early this summer I was enabled by the kindness of Captain Coerper, the German naval attaché in London, to become better acquainted with the ships

² Already Germany possesses, or has begun, thirty-one battleships, fourteen large cruis-

ers, and thirty-three smaller cruisers. Last year five first-class battleships were launched.

and crews than I had been, and the experience was most interesting and instructing. The very appearance of the vessels strikes one as businesslike. From masthead to waterline they are painted in French gray, the monotony unrelieved by a single contrasting color; all is the same uncheerful tint. It is the color of efficiency afloat according to the experiments of the German naval staff. It gives the nearest approach to invisibility that can be obtained under the most usual conditions at sea. It does not look pretty, but then German ships are not intended to appeal to the eye of the artist but are meant to evade the eye of the enemy. Though British ships in hot climates are still white and yachtlike, and the ships on the home and other stations have black hulls, with a red band at the waterline and a white streak from stem to stern higher up, and the funnels and masts are of a buff tint, all fancy decorations of men-of-war are going out of fashion. The nations are learning that warships exist for the sole purpose of fighting, and that the less conspicuous they are the better chance they will have in an encounter.

One of the surprises on board the German vessels was the discovery that the painting of the ships is provided for entirely out of national funds. This is not the custom of the British Fleet. With us the Admiralty make an allowance of paint, which is issued, to quote Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, a former Lord of the Admiralty, on the calculation that all weather work outside and inside has one coat every four months, and between decks every twelve months. If this allowance of paint only were used, British men-of-war would not be the spotless palaces of smartness that they are. Consequently, as the paintwork is the special province of the commander of every battleship, or first lieutenant in the case of a small vessel,

and officers know that a dirty ship means no promotion, a good deal more paint is used than is provided by the authorities. Officers pay out of their own pockets for the additional paint that they require, or if their means are slender and they are smart "thieves"—in a naval sense—they obtain it surreptitiously from the dockyard. This latter means is recognized in the Navy as a legitimate form of piracy, and there is not a Lord of the Admiralty who does not know how this method of "stealing" is practised. In the Navy stories are told of officers who have spent over 200*l.* a year in supplementing the official allowance, because if he has money it is very much easier for an officer to dip into his pocket than to "steal." Officers are bound to do one or the other. As Mr. Rudyard Kipling remarked in *The Fleet-in-Being*:

A ship who attempted to dress on her service allowance of paint would in three months be as disreputable as a battery or regiment which kept its mess or band on the strict army footing. Therefore over and above everything that they may secure by strategy and foresight, the officers must dip into their own pockets to supply the many trifles (none of them cheap) which make for the smartness of the ship.

This under-allowance of paint is one of the traditions of the service. Lords of the Admiralty may come and Lords of the Admiralty may go, but none tries to change it. The German Navy is the youngest in Europe. It is encumbered by few traditions, and only those which are good are respected, and thus it happens that the State and not the naval commander or first-lieutenant pays for the paint. But are the German ships smart in appearance? It may be asked. I have never seen a vessel with cleaner paint, gray of course, on the parts exposed to the weather, or more spotlessly white between decks, and I visited the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, the

battleship to which I specially refer, on the afternoon after she had coaled, as Captain Güllich apologetically explained to me.

One notable feature of the German ships is that there are no wooden decks to be continually "holystoned" and no brasswork to be continually polished by the crews. From end to end of the ships, when seen in the most brilliant sunshine, as I was able to view them, there was not a gleam from a square inch of metal-work, brass or steel. Everything was hidden under a pall of gray. This means that the crew are spared the endless rubbing and polishing which occupy so much of the time of a British bluejacket. A British sailor some time each day is engaged upon housemaid's work. Another branch of this maidenly profession which he has to follow is the washing and scrubbing of the wooden decks. In the new German ships of the splendid *Kaiser* class there are no wooden decks to be "holystoned" to keep them white and smooth. The weather-decks are laid with a light reddish-colored cement. When it is dirty the hose is turned on and in a moment it is clean again. Moreover, while the wood laid on the steel decks of British ships would splinter under gunfire, this cement would not, and nothing could look more smart than this hard even material, with its slightly rough surface which prevents the foot slipping. Not only have the German constructors abolished wood on the weather-deck, but down below there are few wooden fittings and the covered decks are laid with a kind of lineolium, which is silent to the tread, and cleaned with ease. It is true that the sides of the cabins are of wood, but these could be cleared away in a few hours before going into action. The formula in the British Fleet in the past has been, "Oh, we can clear all the dangerous wood away before we go into action." The formula

in the German Navy is, "We will put nothing in the ships that is not conducive to fighting efficiency, except a bare minimum that makes for comfort." The result of the two policies is that the German ships are cumbered with few unnecessary things, look more ready for their business, and, owing to the saving of weight in other particulars, carry more guns, besides ample supplies of coal.

At the same time the comfort of the crews is considered more than in British ships. The vessels are ventilated mechanically in hot weather and heated in cold weather by pipes that run everywhere. There are baths for the officers, and for the men numerous handbasins, with water laid on, in comfortable airy spaces. The places allotted to the men are also bright and comfortable, and their food is good, is supplied in excellent variety, and is ample in quantity. I inquired specially of German seamen on this point. They have a different diet each day, and they enjoy their meals. In the British Navy the food is so unappetizing that the men supplement it out of their own pockets. No such system is tolerated in the German ships. The men give their services, and in return their comfort is studied. At the same time, as is to be expected in a country with a conscriptive system, they receive about 25 per cent. less pay. All wages, of course, are lower in Germany than in this country.

The question is frequently asked, "Is the German, the French, the Russian, or some other navy efficient for war?" Such an interrogation is easily made. It is less easily answered. A naval battle will depend not on the smart appearance of the ships (though a smart ship is usually an efficient ship), but on the tactical ability of the officers and on the straight, quick shooting of the gunners. In the British Fleet no secret

is made of the results attained by the British seamen-gunners. In other countries it is otherwise; the system of training is in some cases known, but authentic returns of the shooting practically never. On this point all I can do is to indicate the general attitude of the German Navy in training for war. At the head of the fleet is what Lord Charles Beresford would call a War Lord, an officer who studies in time of peace the provision requisite for war. He is supported by a large staff. The officers of the German Fleet are required to study all the problems of war—strategical and tactical—and this is combined with the practical knowledge that can be obtained only at sea.

Every officer who hopes for promotion must be a student as well as a practical sailor. He is continually practising the fighting of battles, naval Kriegsspiel being one means of training. At Kiel, Mr. Fred Jane's naval war-game is installed, and the Emperor himself studies the problems of warfare by this means, which has commended itself to practically all the naval Powers—except Great Britain.

In the moments of battle—it would be absurd to continue to use the phrase "day of battle" in connection with modern naval encounters—the most important men will be the men behind the guns. In the British Navy the gunners are encouraged by small money prizes. Petty Officer Grounds, the "No. 1" of a 6-inch gun of the cruiser *Terrible* who fired eight rounds in a minute and hit the target each time, received no mark of merit or other official token of appreciation, but was handed a few shillings. Had he been a gunner of a German ship he would have brought to his vessel the trophy of the Kaiser, which is competed for each year by the German Fleet, and he and his companions would have worn throughout the year a badge which would have told

all and sundry that they were the champion shots with the big guns of the fleet. Which will men value most: a few shillings—sufficient for a good dinner—or a certificate that all may see? In this country we give trophies and large money prizes only to those who can use a rifle deftly. The men who fire the guns on which the fate of the Empire will depend are given a few shillings as reward. The Admiralty have been urged to institute a system similar to that which prevails in the German Fleet, but the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty stated recently in Parliament that this would be an unwise action. Consequently if the naval authorities in this country are right, we must conclude that the German Emperor, in imitating the custom of the British Army and of the National Rifle Association with regard to rifle shooting, is contributing to the demoralization of his Navy.

In summary the German Navy reveals some admirable points. It is a force which is hampered by few traditions. It exists with one object only—to fight and to win. It may be that it has glaring faults; we may be sure that it is not perfect. Its seamanship certainly is not yet as high as that of the British Fleet, and probably other holes could be picked in its training; but the fact remains that it is trained with serious purpose, that all smartness for mere smartness' sake is swept away, and among the sea forces of the world it marks in several important particulars, the highest state of efficiency yet attained.

As has been indicated, the best possible use is being made of the ships which already exist for the training of officers and men. What of the future? The German Bill throws light on the policy which is to be pursued. It is stated:

As regards the extent to which ves-

sels should be kept commissioned in peace time, we must be guided by the following considerations. As even after the projected increase has been carried out, the number of vessels will be more or less inferior to that of other individual Powers, our endeavors must be directed towards compensating for this superiority by the individual training of the crews and by tactical training by practice in large bodies.³

This reveals the naval policy of Germany in a sentence. As to the comparative forecast, the only criticism suggested is that it is too modest. Other Powers have to distribute their naval strength, but by the terms of the Bill Germany will concentrate in or near the North Sea, she will be numerically the mightiest naval Power in the "near seas," with a double squadron of seventeen battleships and a number of cruisers always in commission. We have no such force for service exclusively in the home seas, nor, on the assumption that we continue to build only at the present rate can we have such a force in the future. We must recognize, in fact, that Germany is making a bold bid for supremacy in the waters we have been accustomed to regard as essentially British. We have no right to complain of the action of the German people on this account, but it is our duty not to ignore the steps which they are taking to win the prestige and power that a strong navy will confer—a navy strong in numbers and strong in the essential training of a fighting force.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

No one who knows British officers and men can withhold his admiration. No one who knows the British Fleet can say it is inefficient. But this can be said, that its organization does not reveal that serious study of the necessities of war that distinguishes the German Fleet. It is trammelled by traditions that do not merit respect. The Admiralty should bear all the cost of painting the nation's armored bulwarks, fitness for war should be the sole aim of the constructors of the ships, good gunnery should be encouraged more liberally, efficiency for his warlike duties should be an officer's only claim to promotion, and at the head of the fleet should be a Lord of the Admiralty, divorced from all petty worries and unnecessary detail, who can concentrate all his thought on the war-readiness of the Navy, and its ability to preserve the *pax Britannica*—the nation's highest interest. He should see hourly and daily that the Navy is fulfilling its purpose, the preservation of peace by the preparation for war. The First Sea Lord should be freed so as to enable him to concentrate his attention on the real needs of the fleet—*personnel, matériel, and organization*. In these particulars, without slavishly imitating our German cousins, we have lessons to learn that it were well we learnt quickly, and we should remember that Germany promises to be our most serious rival in sea-power.

Archibald S. Hurd.

³ "Naval Annual."

THE KING OF ENGLAND.

In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
 Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
 And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
 The rose imperial of our delight,
 Then, even then, though no man cried "he comes,"
 And no man turned to greet him passing there,
 With phantom heralds challenging renown
 And silent-throbbing drums
 I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
 Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
 The lions bore the dint of many a lance
 And up and down his mantle's azure field
 Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
 Before him went with banner floating wide
 The yeoman breed that served his honor best,
 And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
 But in the place of pride
 His admirals in billowy lines abreast
 Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face
 And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,
 But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace
 Such as no hand but Time's hath ever drawn.
 Surely he knew his glory had no part
 In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,
 Yet surely too of lengthening shadows dreamed
 With sunset in his heart,
 So brief his beauty now, so near the end,
 And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
 Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:
 O King of men that die, though we must fail
 Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.
 O man that servest men by right of birth,
 Our heart's content thy heart shall also keep,
 Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee down
 In our dear native earth,
 Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
 Forever rides abroad through London town.

The Monthly Review.

Henry Newbolt.

IN A HILL-SIDE COTTAGE.

Peter Graham stood by the bed where his wife lay, and watched her silently: his arms hung down awkwardly by his side and his face wore a dazed expression. Peter was an old man and slow on the up-tak'; he felt dazed, and his hand shook, but he could not realize the situation. He thought "this canna be Elsie"—other than this, he had no conscious thought.

She lay quite still with closed eyes; her beautiful face was flushed and swollen, and her gray hair lay in a tangle on the pillow. Presently she began to moan a little and flung out her arms on the sheets.

Peter covered her up tenderly, and began softly patting her shoulder, whispering as he did so, "Whisht noo, whisht noo," as if he had been rocking one of the bairns to sleep. His touch seemed to soothe her, and Elsie slipped off into a troubled slumber again.

The short winter afternoon was beginning to darken and grow very cold. Peter drew off his heavy boots and quietly walked over to the window. The deep sill was filled with pots of geraniums which still bore a few frost-pinched blooms. Peter picked off some dead leaves, and then stood looking out beyond the plants into the darkening afternoon. The cart-ruts on the road were filled with ice, and the grass and heather on the hill-side were stiff with frost. Over on the other side of the loch the hills were covered with snow, and Peter, looking out on them through the pots of geranium, murmured to himself, "'As the hills stand about Jerusalem, so the Lord standeth about His people from this time forth for evermore.'"

It was the text he always said to himself when he looked consciously, as he did now, at the loch and its encompass-

ing hills. He thought Jerusalem must be very like Loch Rhudart and the village of Glenbole.

To-day the verse brought no sense of comfort or exaltation with it. The hills looked desolate and terrible in their white covering, and he turned to the interior of the room again. Here everything was unfamiliar and, in a way, awesome too—the carpeted floor, the mahogany chest of drawers, the table with its white knitted cover, the samplers and gaudy calendars upon the walls. Peter felt impressed but "strange-like." He had lived for forty years in this cottage, but he hardly remembered an occasion on which he had been allowed to enter the parlor. Elsie always had an idea that men were safest away when there were valuables about. She could never trust a man not to knock over something, and carpets were not made for boots. It was to save the carpet that Peter had removed his when he crossed over to the window. He stooped down now, and with his hand rubbed away the foot-marks he had made when he had carried Elsie in to lay her on the bed. "I hope they'll no shaw," he murmured to himself.

There was another uneasy movement from the bed and Peter crossed the room and took up his old position again, standing awkwardly by his wife's side. It was too dark to see her face, but he heard her muttering in her sleep, and once or twice she gave a shuddering sigh.

"She'll be waukin' sune," said Peter. "I'll awa' and mak' her a cup tea."

He went softly in his stocking soles into the kitchen; here he felt more at home, and the familiarity of the place comforted him as familiar places will often do. Nevertheless, it was with a

guilty feeling that he measured out the tea: for on ordinary occasions men are not allowed to "go into" the canister, and Peter was not sure whether under any circumstance he was justified in meddling with it.

"I dinna richt know hoo muckle tae pit in" he said to himself, as he stood with the brown teapot in one hand and the caddy-spoon in the other; "she'll be the better o' it strong, but she'll no be pleased if we're short, and Wulliam and his wife coming. I wish Marget was back."

He had sent Marget and wee Alec out on an errand when he had come home and found that Elsie was "no hersel." Then he had carried her to the parlor, where she would be "out o' the road."

"I wish Marget was back," he repeated, as he shook up the canister and keeked into it with one eye closed, to see how much tea there was left.

"Keep me!" exclaimed a voice from behind him. "Ye've got the kettle on wi'out a drop o' water into it, father! And what are ye daein' wi' the tea?"

Peter put down the canister with a guilty air. "Yer mither's no juist verra well the day, Marget, and I thoct tae mak' her a drop tea."

Marget turned suddenly upon wee Alec, who had followed her into the cottage. "Up to the loft this meenut and aff wi' your boots," she said sharply. "D'ye think I'm gaun to be aye reddin' up after ye on the clean stanes?" (Marget had her mother's notions of cleanliness.)

"Eh father," she said in an altered voice, as soon as the boy had left the room (and it was easy to see that she had been crying bitterly), "I doot but mither's been at the bot'le again."

"Marget," said Peter sternly, "honor thy father and thy mother and him that slandereth father or mother, let him die the death." He leaned heavily on the table and his voice trembled.

Marget made no reply; she filled the

kettle and infused the tea and Peter took it to his wife's bedside.

Elsie was awake, but her eyes were dim and she looked about her in a vague way.

"I'm here," said Peter, and he gave her his hand to hold. He helped her to sit up in bed, placing a pillow behind her and wrapping her in a warm shawl. "Ye'll drink the tea, woman," he said tenderly.

"Ma heid's sair," said Elsie, and she put up her hand and pushed the thick gray hair from her forehead.

"I ken it's sair," said Peter.

The tea seemed to revive her, and she looked round the room with growing consciousness. The bright calendars on the wall attracted her attention first, and then the knitted table-covers and the tall chests of drawers.

"Why am I in the parlor?" she asked.

Peter cleared his throat. "I thoct as Wulliam was bringin' his wife and the bairn they wad be warmer in the kitchen," he said.

"Are ye daft, man!" cried Elsie. "Did ye no' ken that Wulliam's wife is oot frae Glasca and her mither kept a servant?" She had fully recovered herself now and was sitting up in bed, feeling with her hands the pillows and bedding.

"Eh, Pete, Pete," she cried, "ye hae pit me in the best sheets!" And she burst into tears.

The winter evening dragged out its long length. It was very lonely up in the hill-side cottage amongst the frozen heather and the snow and to-night there was an odd silence in the house. Elsie had risen before supper and was back in her old place by the kitchen hearth; she sat quite still, knitting rapidly, without ever raising her eyes from her stocking. This woman of nearly three score years had always a peculiarly erect carriage, which suited well the natural dignity and beauty of her face. To-night she sat almost

defiantly upright on her unyielding wooden chair.

Marget had swept out the parlor and laid away the best sheets, to be ironed on Monday before Wulliam and his wife and child should come. Wulliam's wife was superior and just a little English. The best sheets were meant to show her what Wulliam's folk could do.

Everything was in order again, and Marget was studying from a book laid in front of her on the kitchen table. She was a teacher in Edinburgh and had come back to Glenhole for the New Year. John too was at home from the works at Paisley, and wee Alec, his orphan son, lived with the old folk here in the Glen. On Monday Wulliam and his wife were expected; it was the first family gathering they had had these many years.

Peter sat looking into the fire. He resented the silence of the evening and glanced anxiously at Elsie once or twice. In his slow way he felt that it would have been kinder to her to talk, but though he cleared his throat sometimes, and shifted his feet, he found nothing to say.

Presently John got up and said he was wearied and was "awa' tae his bed," and Marget shut her book and awkwardly inquired of her mother if there were anything she could do for her before she went upstairs.

Elsie thanked her but said no. She seemed loth to sit up alone with Peter, and wishing him good-night she retired to the recess in the kitchen and laid herself down in the box bed.

Peter was left alone by the fire. His head sank, and the easy smile which all the evening he had been trying to wear died away from his face. In thought he went back to the days when he had courted her, when she was the beauty of the Glen. One August evening among the cornstooks he had "spoken," and Elsie says that when she

said "Yes," Peter withdrew the arm that he had ventured to place round her waist and exclaimed, "Ye'll regret this, lassie; ye micht hae done a sicht better!" They had often laughed over it together.

Only yesterday the laird had stopped him to make some kindly remark about Mrs. Graham. "Your wife is as handsome as ever, Graham," he had said at parting; "none of the lassies can hold a candle to her."

And to-day Peter had seen her with swollen face and disordered hair, muttering like some poor wild thing in her sleep.

Peter's head sank lower on his breast and he clasped his hands together. "Oh, Lord, help us!" he whispered. Presently it began to dawn upon his slow-moving mind that he ought to do something to save Elsie; that he ought to speak to her, and if possible induce her to give up her present habits of intemperance.

He waited till the thought had formulated in his mind, and then he shook his head. "I'm no the one to reproach Elsie," he said; "she's been a leal wife tae me, and she was aye abuv me."

And upon that came another thought—should he not speak to her for her own sake and for the sake of her character in Glenbole? The scandal would soon spread in the Glen, and Elsie would be a dishonored woman. Ah! he had seen drunken women in Glasgow—women from whom children fled away with cries of fear, women with disordered hair and glazed, hopeless eyes, reeling through the Cowcaddens at midnight, and he had gone home and prayed that neither Elsie nor Marget should ever know that women could sink so low. Perhaps they had begun the downward course as Elsie was beginning it. Perhaps people would whisper and point at her. "But no," said Peter, clenching his fist, "there's nae

person 'ull need to say a word agen her sae long as I'm here."

The peat fire had almost died out; the old wag-at-the-wa' ticked solemnly, but Peter never noticed how the time fled. He was still beset by the thought that he ought to say something to Elsie. Now it presented itself as his duty as a kirk member. Peter was a church officer at Glenbole Parish Church, and on the Sabbath he was a great man, though during the week Elsie ruled him and all his house. As a church officer he certainly ought to speak, and speak sternly and uncompromisingly, to one who might make the kirk to be lightly spoken of.

"I canna dae it," said Peter. "Elsie and me's never had words, and I wad rather no' seem to notice that she had no' been hersel."

Duty and love were having a hard fight with each other, and the battleground was the heart of a slow common man. Love, feeling itself unvanquished, gave in to duty. Or perhaps both were love—love fighting with itself for love's sake.

"If I was tae speak at a'," said Peter at last, "I wouldna' pit it on mysel—I've no complaints tae make o' Elsie. I wad just say it was no richt afore the children. A woman's easy moved if ye speak to her o' her bairns, and maybe Elsie wad try to keep sober for their sakes. I would just say, gently-like, that I was grieved tae see her sae stupid afore the children. It's a sair trouble, but I couldna be hard on Elsie."

A tear trickled down his withered cheek and fell upon his hand.

"Yer aye sittin' up, Peter," said Elsie from the bed, and her voice did not sound as though she had been asleep.

"Deed, I didna ken it was sae late," said Peter. "It's a real cauld nicht," he added, realizing for the first time that the fire had gone out.

He went and sat in a chair that stood

by the bed and began smoothing the red worsted counterpane with his hand. Perhaps this would be the best time to say a few words to Elsie. It was already the Sabbath, and, as a church officer, this fact appealed strongly to Peter. On the Sabbath he was as a man having authority, yet his voice shook and his hand trembled. He found himself wishing he had on his blacks.

"Elsie, woman," he said, "I doot ye were tasin' the day?"

Elsie glanced at her husband in the way a dog will look at the master who is going to strike him. "I couldna heip mysel, Pete," she said.

"I was just ashamed afore the children," said Peter, delivering his little speech as he had prepared it.

Elsie made no reply, and Peter lay down comforted. He had done his duty for Elsie's sake. And he had put the whole matter upon the children. Elsie would know that he had no disloyal thought of her; it was for the children's sake he had spoken—for the children's sake and hers. He thanked God, Who had given him strength to speak, and slept peacefully till morning.

But Elsie lay awake all night.

On the Scottish Sabbath we rise late and dress leisurely. When we have put on our well-brushed blacks, we stand at the door or lean over the garden palings until breakfast is ready and the wife is dressed, and after breakfast we walk solemnly and silently to kirk. When Peter awoke on this Sabbath morning and had risen and washed, he did not, as was his usual custom, go and lean against the little gate at the bottom of the garden where John had already established himself. He dandered about the kitchen instead and passed and repassed the bed. Something in Elsie's face troubled him. "I'm no sure but what I'm sorry I spoke," he said to himself.

"Did ye sleep comfortable?" he asked,

pausing in his awkward fashion in the middle of the room.

"No," said Elsie, "I wasna sleepin' that comfortable."

"I'm thinkin' ye'd better keep your bed the day," said Peter.

Again that troubled look in Elsie's face, which people, better able to express themselves, might have called tragic.

"Aye, I'll keep my bed," she said.

So Peter and his sons and daughter went to kirk, and Elsie was left alone. As soon as the door had closed upon them she got up hastily and went to the window, standing barefoot on the stones and looking down the road till the last figure had disappeared.

"He never left me behind till the day," she said. Then she dressed and began the simple preparations for dinner. Once she stopped and clasped her hands to her breast. "I no' can bear it!" she said. "And him ashamed o' me before the children!" She composed her face with an effort and went on with her work again. The potatoes, which, in due observance of the Sabbath, had been peeled over night, she placed in readiness by the side of the fire, then swept up the hearth and washed the breakfast plates and knives. She went to the back door, where the pails of fresh pure water, brought daily by Peter from the spring, stood ready for her use. There was a coating of ice upon each of the vessels to-day, and as Elsie dipped her jugs into them it broke into splinters with a crackling noise. She shivered and went back to the kitchen. There was but little more to do, and the morning was so terribly long.

Ah! there was still the parlor to dust; she would fetch a duster and begin at once. It was a matter of faith with Marget and her mother to dust this spotless little room every day, but never before had either of them broken the Sabbath by so doing. It was the sight

of grandfather's Bible which recalled Elsie to a sense of what day it was, and half scared at her own forgetfulness she hastily replaced the duster in the drawer and returned to the kitchen.

"I hope I'll no' be taken to account for it," she murmured, "but I'm no' used to bein' awa' frae the kirk, and I wasna mindin' what I was daein'."

She brought the Bible into the kitchen and placed it on the table, but though she read the words her thoughts wandered and her restlessness increased. Twice she got up and went to the cupboard and twice came back empty-handed. Once she walked to the door to see if her folk were coming back, though well she knew that "kirk would not scale" for another hour.

She straightened the knives and forks on the table and altered the position of a chair, then walked to the cupboard again. For a moment she stood by the door biting her lips till the red color left them and they looked blue-white under her teeth. With hands that scarcely seemed to move of her own volition, she reached to the topmost shelf and took down a bottle of whiskey and a glass. The noise of the cork as she drew it made her start, and she glanced furtively about her and went to the door again to see if anyone was coming.

But everything was still and quiet with a Sabbath stillness. The wind seemed hardly to breathe, and the peat-smoke from a cottage on the other side of the loch rose in a straight blue line from the chimney. A robin perched on a paling amongst the frozen cabbages in the garden and sang a clear sad little song. A heron sailed slowly over the gray waters of the loch, and the gulls chattered and chuckled amongst the brown sea-weed on the shore.

Elsie came back to the table again. With rapid, nervous fingers she lifted the bottle, looking round from time to time like one who might at any mo-

ment be interrupted, and poured out about a gill of whiskey. The liquid made a pleasant noise as it fell into the glass, and its smell was grateful to the woman. Her hand trembled as she raised it to her lips.

A little mirror hung opposite her on the kitchen wall; in it she saw herself with the glass in her hand. It was like some other woman in the room—a woman with a dignified grave face and smooth hair parted decently on her brow—who watched her sadly. The glass fell from Elsie's hand and broke in a dozen pieces on the stone floor. She sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Peter, Peter, come back!" she sobbed. "I canna be alone."

The fragments of broken glass still lay on the floor and the penetrating odor of the whiskey filled the room. Elsie picked up the broken pieces and washed away the stain of the liquid. Once or twice she glanced at the woman in the mirror.

She replaced the whiskey bottle in the cupboard and began again her restless walk between the door and her chair. The cat miewed at the back door to be let in, and Elsie opened the door for it and set it a saucer of milk upon the floor. The creature rubbed itself against her and walked round her purring softly with a caressing soothing sound. She was no longer alone with the sad-faced woman in the mirror. The desolate solitude of the morning was past. The devil left Elsie and the cat jumped on her knee purring softly. She opened the Bible and read the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

Presently two youths passed by on the road, going further up the Glen. "Those 'ull be the two Munro lads," said Elsie. "They're aye the foremost to leave kirk. Peter'll be no lang noo."

Two boats came in sight, rowing slowly across the loch—the Grants and Mr. Ferguson returning after kirk to

the other side. Then Peter appeared with Marget by his side, and Alec and John walking behind them. Peter stopped at the foot of the brae that led to the cottage and turned his face to the loch.

"He'll be sayin' his verse," said Elsie to herself, from her post behind the white knitted curtains. "Peter was aye gran' at Scriptur. Or maybe"—as her husband still lingered—"maybe he is no in sic a hurry as usual to see me the day;" and a sob—the dry piteous sob of the old and tearless—seemed to burst her throat. There are lovers of fifty-five and sixty still in the world, whatever the world may say.

Then Peter entered the cottage, looking older and grayer than he had ever looked before.

"Wipe yer feet," said Elsie.

The next day the best sheets were ironed and the bed in the parlor was spread with its thick white counterpane. Wulliam and his wife were to arrive in the evening, and there were still many preparations to be made. The van from Glenbole called twice at the foot of the brae, and Henderson—McCauly's lad at the shop—came up to the cottage, laden with parcels, breathing loud to enhance the importance of the occasion. "If I was up thon brae once, I was up a dizen times," he said to all his acquaintances that afternoon. In the days that followed he was often asked to tell how often he had been up the brae.

"Ye'll be havin' company, ma'am," he said to Elsie as he laid his parcels on the table.

"Aye," said Elsie, "we'll be havin' company." It would not have done to tell a shop-boy what company was expected.

Henderson lingered a moment, peering about to see what was going on that he might carry an account of it to Glenbole.

"Heest ye noo!" cried Elsie sharply.

"There's iither parcels tae carry up, and your horse is no' getting ony warmer standin' yonder."

Elsie seemed feverishly busy, and no one was allowed to do anything but herself. She had risen at five o'clock that morning, and she never rested till dinner-time. Two bright spots of color burnt in her cheeks, and her gray eyes were bright like the eyes of a fever-stricken child.

Her manner was sharp and nervous, and she hurried over everything with a restless energy. Marget and John had long ago slipped out of the house, driven away by their mother's vigorous refusal of offers of help, and her sharp remarks about their want of skill in everything they essayed to do. Peter glanced anxiously at her when he came in to dinner, but said nothing.

He set off early to the station to meet his son, for a heavy mist was rising over the loch and he had twelve miles to drive. The mist had come with last night's thaw, and down by the shore-road it was so thick that Peter knew he would have to drive carefully. Wee Alec went with him for a treat, and Marget and John started to walk into Glenbole for something important that had been forgotten.

The house was still again. Ah! the stillness! It had come to be an agony to this woman, who had passed much of her life contentedly alone. She began to work again, but her preparations for the expected guests were all completed and there was nothing left to do. She drew the curtains and made up the fire and sat down to her knitting. The heavy mists hung over the loch and crept up the face of the hill, adding to the isolation of the lonely cottage. Inside it was all snug enough, but so silent, so terribly still and silent. It seemed as though Elsie was defying some foe by the speed and ceaselessness of her knitting.

Again and again she glanced at the

cupboard. The bottle of whiskey was still there—and Peter was ashamed of her. Surely Marget and John would be back soon. Even the cat was gone. The silence in the house was like the mists, and wrapped it round in a muffled embrace. Why had she let Peter go! Someone else might have met the travellers. Perhaps he would get lost on the road and never return, like Jasper Strong, who was found dead on the hill-side last year. Then she would be always alone—and his last words had been (they would always seem to Elsie like his last words) that he was ashamed of her.

If only he came back safe through the mist, she would never disgrace him again, but—"I canna dae wantin' it, I canna dae wantin' it!" she cried out, and wrung her hands together. Suddenly she rose and crossed over the room to the cupboard. The woman in the mirror gave her a frightened look as she passed. She took down the bottle and hurried with it in her hands out at the back door. A tiny burn trickled past the house down to the loch—a little cheerful babbling brown burn with stepping-stones across it, and clear pools where Alec used to fish for minnows. Elsie stood by the brink empty-handed, and in one of these pools for many days after there lay some fragments of broken glass. It was for Peter's sake.

She tried to go back to the cottage, but without knowing it her nerves cried out against returning to the silent kitchen again.

Should she go and meet Marget and John? No, they would wonder at her, and perhaps ask why she had come. Besides, she could not go into Glenbole in her cap and shawl, and folk would stop and question her if she wore her mantle and bonnet. It was too early to think of walking in the other direction in the hope of meeting Peter, but she would walk down to the shore-road

and see if the mists were very thick there. It would relieve her mind if she found that it was clearer, and the walk would help her to shake off the numbness that she felt coming over her. She wrapped her warm shawl more closely round her, and groped her way down the familiar path to the shore-road.

"I didna think I had come sae far," she said to herself when she found she had reached the loch-head and was standing on the bridge. The mists were thicker here and the river ran by with a sullen roar. The grass on the banks was wet and sodden, and the drippings from the trees fell upon the rotten leaves with a dull dead sound.

Elsie sat down on the parapet of the bridge. "I dinna richt mind hoo I'm here," she said.

Oh, yes, Peter was ashamed of her. That was why. And the cottage was "dreich-like" and quiet, and the whiskey was all poured into the burn. Peter would not need to be ashamed again.

"But surely this stupid feeling was worse than the drink, when at least a body could get some sleep?"

"Ah! but Peter had been ashamed of her."

She clasped her hands to her breast, and the river seemed to slip away beneath her and the bridge with it. She caught hold of the wet stones of the parapet and held fast by them. The mist was so thick now that she was afraid to venture back on the road where she might wander and get lost. Besides, on the road there was nothing to which to cling. The road might slip and swim away as the bridge had seemed to do just now, and there would not be the firm stone parapet to hold.

She heard a dull chattering on the shore, and the familiar sound restored the balance of her will. Perhaps she could walk home if she tried. "It wasna' that far to the cottage and Marget would dry her claes and pit her to rest in the comfortable warm bed in

the kitchen." And Peter—Peter would be home at eight o'clock. But she had shamed him before the children, and he had left her behind when he went to the kirk on the Sabbath. The bairns, Marget and John and Alec, would look at her furtively, as though they were half afraid of her, and they would sit silent in the evenings now as they had done on Saturday night. Even a stranger like Wulliam's wife would probably guess the truth. The bottle of whiskey had been poured into the burn, but it would be easy—fatally easy—to get more.

Suppose she never went back at all? It would be better for Peter.

She rose and looked over the bridge. The river slid away from beneath her again—ah! and the solid parapets were slipping too! The sodden grass banks were vanishing in the baffling, blinding mist.

And Peter was ashamed of her.

In the early light of a bitter winter's morning they found Elsie Graham among the sedges of the river, her face turned up to the sky and the white gulls wheeling round her. She was lying in the attitude which had become familiar to her, with her hands clasped to her breast. Her gray hair was scarcely disordered, and her decent white cap remained neatly tied under her chin. Her face looked beautiful—most peaceful and beautiful in death.

They laid her on the wet sodden grass. And then four tall men of the Glen who were friends of Peter's, and had helped him all night in his search, drew near to lift her on to a rough stretcher which they had made.

But Peter turned upon them. He had been kneeling beside Elsie with her cold wet hand in his, but now he raised himself up and said fiercely, "There's no ane o' ye to lay a finger on her."

He put his hands underneath her and raised her gently to his knee, then he

lifted her up most tenderly and carried her home.

The inquest was over and the doctor turned away from the cottage door. He let his reins lie on his horse's neck and walked him slowly and quietly along the loch side. There was a sadness and stillness in the Glen to-day which it would have seemed irreverent to

Temple Bar.

break even by a hoof-fall. Besides, the doctor was pondering deeply.

"Why are women all like that?" he was saying to himself. "To them, sickness is a sort of disgrace, and pain a thing to be concealed at any cost. Even Peter seems to have had no idea that she suffered. Poor Peter, he will miss his wife!"

S. Macnaughtan.

ACROSS RUSSIAN LAPLAND IN SEARCH OF BIRDS.

II.—ARCHANGEL, A WONDERFUL MONASTERY, AND THE EFFECTS OF VODKA.

Archangel has no pleasing memories for my friend or myself, although we remember it well and especially its custom house. When we arrived at Solombala we were immediately assailed by a posse of custom house officials. Our numerous boxes and packages were not only opened and ransacked, but every bottle and parcel in them was minutely examined, and at length our guns, cartridges and camera were carried off in triumph to be re-examined at the custom house at Archangel. Nowhere else in the world is there such a custom house, and unlucky is the man that puts himself into its clutches. After three days of alternate praying to and cursing the officials at this infamous place, we were allowed to take away our guns, cartridges and camera on payment of an extortionate duty. The amount of duty was assessed by weighing the articles, and consequently the sum payable on the cartridges, which were loaded with shot, was double their actual value. But we were more lucky than a friend who sent all his baggage to Archangel beforehand by sea, and after being delayed at the custom house for a fortnight, was mulct in £50 for duty on old clothes and camp furniture.

Besides its custom house, Archangel has many mosquitoes of a virulent type. The town is thinly spread over an enormous extent of ground, and the roads are all paved with very rough cobbles. The only means of conveyance are droskis or low springless four-wheelers, the drivers of which are usually drunk. The only things that pleased us in Archangel were the hooded crows,¹ which acted as scavengers and were very numerous and tame, and the roofs of the houses which were of beautifully soft colors. Had it not been for Mr. Henry Cooke, the British Vice-Consul, who gave us most kind help, it is doubtful when we should have escaped, for to go through the custom house and to get away within a week was considered almost a miracle. This feat was only accomplished at the last by a remarkable drive.

The steamer to Lapland sailed only once a week, and so pushed were we for time at the last moment, that to catch it we had to load all our things upon two droskis and drive two miles in twenty minutes. There was no time to fasten on the baggage, and the only

¹ *Corvus cornix.*

thing to be done was for each of us to stand up in his machine and hold on to the bags and boxes tooth and nail. The roughness of the roads and the springlessness of the carts made it by no means a simple task to keep the luggage from falling and at the same time to impress upon the driver that his horse must gallop. Words had no effect on their stolid drivers, and it was only by thumping them whenever we had a free hand to do it, that the necessary pace was maintained. All went well until we were nearing the quay, when a heavy holdall containing all our bedding fell off one of the droskis, but by signs and shouts to a passer-by we induced him to shoulder the holdall and run after us. The steamer was casting off her ropes as we galloped up to her side, and the excitement we caused amongst the crowd of people who were gathered to say farewell to their friends was worth a great deal to see.

An uncomfortable night with berths only five feet six inches long in the small crowded steamer, which rolled and pitched at the slightest provocation, brought us to the monastery of Solovetski, far famed as one of the holiest places in Russia.

The monastery is very large and very rich, and is surrounded by enormously high and thick granite walls. Within these are many churches and chapels, with white walls and green cupolas, surmounted by gilded crosses, while here and there are great blocks of white, barrack-like houses. Pilgrims, chiefly of the peasant class, journey thither in thousands, and are housed and fed with simple food for three days. No charge is made, but should the pilgrim have sufficient means he is expected to present a donation to the monastery. We were anxious to see some of the plate and vestments, for the richness and rarity of which the monastery is famed, but the churches were so packed with people, all stand-

ing, that we were not able to get further than the doorways.

No living thing may be molested within the precincts of the monastery, and it is remarkable that hundreds of herring gulls,² by no means tame birds by nature, have discovered the sanctuary. They positively swarm within the walls, and have their nests in all the courtyards, even on the narrow pathways. Most of them had young ones at the time of our visit, and it was most amusing to watch the old birds feeding their dark gray fluffy offspring quite unconcernedly whilst hundreds of people were all round them. Indeed, so tame are the birds that they will take food from one's hand, and will not move out of one's way, and should anyone approach too near to the young, the old birds rush up and peck him vigorously. It is certainly extraordinary that these wild birds have been rendered as tame as chickens by the simple expedient of allowing them to do as they pleased without the slightest interference. The herring gulls all leave Solovetski, we were told, after the breeding season, and it is a remarkable fact that the very birds which are so bold inside these high walls, are no tamer than other gulls when met with outside the walls. How they originally discovered the sanctuary, and how many generations were needed before they realized its absolute security, we endeavored to ascertain, but could get no definite evidence.

At Kem, our next stop, we were delayed for some time loading cargo into small boats, which were "manned" almost entirely by women. In the summer months there are very few men left on the White Sea coast, as all the able-bodied males go north to fish, leaving the women in charge of their homes. From Kem we journeyed to Keret, where there is a large saw mill, and

² *Larus argentatus*.

then crossing the Arctic Circle once more, we put in at Kovda, where another saw mill flourishes, and exports much timber to England. At Kovda we were fortunate in obtaining the services of an interpreter,³ a Russian, Gregori Kokorin by name, who was a tallyman at the mill, and had picked up a little English from the crews of the boats which came there every summer for wood.

The ice and fog had caused such delays that it was not until July 4th that we reached Kandalax, which was to be the starting point of our journey across the Kola Peninsula. Here we took up quarters in the house of the pilot. The house, which was of wood, consisted of only one good room, which we occupied while the pilot, his wife and family cheerfully retired to the loft, in the roof of which were many holes large enough to admit one's head.

Our room was furnished with a comfortable looking bed, which we tried but soon forsook with many murmurings (the Russian variety being large and exceedingly voracious), and thenceforth spread our blankets on the hard but peaceful floor. Kandalax consists of a hundred or more wooden houses, and its inhabitants, who are Russians, are believed to sustain themselves by fishing, but during our three days' stay almost every man and woman was drunk. Indeed the inhabitants of this place appeared to be utterly degraded by vodka. They found many opportunities for making holiday. The Greek Church, I believe, provides some three or four saints' days a week, and these are regularly used in Kandalax as excuses for drunkenness, while the day on which the weekly steamer arrives is invariably set aside as a day of rejoicing. Moreover, the people were tipsy day and night, and besieged our room at all hours demanding vodka, and

when forcibly ejected they stood in a group outside and droned melancholy chants for hours at a time.

However, we found more society in Kandalax than we had expected. Mons. Boudit, a Frenchman, who was engaged in starting a factory for tinning salmon and other fish, and the chief of the telegraph station, entertained us right royally, and gave us much help and advice. Mons. Boudit informed us that the peasants of this country were utterly worthless as workmen, and in consequence he had been compelled to import labor, not only for the erection of his factory and for the canning of the fish, but even for catching the fish.

The country round Kandalax was mainly composed of dense pine forest, which yielded very little in the way of birds, but the islands in the bay were more interesting. On these islands we found a number of different ducks, a few with young ones, but the majority apparently not yet nesting. Perched on a little rock in the middle of the bay we saw a great dark bird with a conspicuous white tail. We knew this must be the white-tailed sea eagle,⁴ and we tried hard to approach it, but it watched our boat jealously, and no sooner had we hidden ourselves behind a smaller island than the great bird rose, and circling ever higher and higher was soon but a speck in the sky. Then just as we were about to land on an island we noticed a pair of Turnstones⁴ running anxiously to and fro on a spit of pebbly shore. They were in their lovely breeding plumage of black and rich chestnut with silvery white breasts—a plumage in which they are occasionally seen in Great Britain, both when they prolong their spring visit to us, or come to our shores somewhat earlier than usual in autumn. But it is seldom that we see the Turnstone in Great Britain either in summer or in

³ *Haliaetus albicilla*.

⁴ *Streptopelia interpres*.

winter, for it only passes along our shores in its passage between its northern summer home and its southern winter one. Consequently we were delighted to find a pair of these birds in their breeding haunt, and a few minutes after landing on the island we had the good fortune to discover in a nook under a big stone, close to the water's edge, their nest, which was made of grass and feathers, and contained four dark green pear-shaped eggs.

A problem to be decided at Kandalax was as to how many men would be required to transport our baggage to Kola, a distance of some 160 miles. The problem was complicated because we wished to spend some three weeks on the way, and no provisions, except perhaps bread at one place, were obtainable on the route. Consequently it became a question of how many pounds of food a man would eat each day. Had it been winter, when sledges and reindeer could have been used, there would have been no difficulty, but in summer no transport animals are to be had in Russian Lapland. A calculation and much discussion with Gregori ended in the decision that nine men, carrying some 70 or 80 pounds each, would be sufficient to carry the baggage and food.

The next difficulty was to procure these even, but I must first explain that the route we intended to take was a regular one, instituted and upheld by the Russian Government. The route is chiefly beneficial to the inhabitants of the White Sea coast who, being chiefly fishermen, use it to reach the Arctic Ocean in spring, and to return home in autumn when the White Sea is completely frozen in and impassable. During the short northern summer the route is very seldom used, and the interior of the country is almost deserted. At intervals on this route, which is partly over lakes and rivers, and partly overland are "stations," and by means

of orders kindly provided by the Governor of Archangel, we were entitled to the use of the boats on the lakes and rivers, and to the services of two men each as carriers or rowers to be provided at the "stations" at fixed rates. At Kandalax, therefore, we had to obtain four men at the "station," and in addition required five men to act as carriers all the way to Kola. We gave the word out that we wished to hire men to go to Kola, and as only the pick of the inhabitants were sober at the time it was easy to select five of the strongest and most decent young men from the crowd which soon arrived at our door. It was not so easy, however, to fix the terms, and this was only accomplished after great exertion on the part of our interpreter, whose English required almost as much translating as the native tongue. The men were to feed upon rye bread and salt fish, the usual fare of these poor people, and it was soon known round the village that we were in want of these commodities. A stream of old women quickly appeared carrying great round loaves of dark brown bread and baskets full of salt fish. Much of the bread was mouldy, and many fish were badly cured, but after careful selection, followed by long bargaining and much weighing and discussion, we were well provisioned with well-cured fish and good bread, the driest we could obtain, since it was lighter and less likely to turn mouldy than when wet.

After much packing and weighing the loads for the carriers were apportioned, and we were ready to start. But the four men ordered some hours before at the "station" did not arrive. We visited the place in force and found the house full of drunken men, who would listen to nobody. The chief man's wife being the only sober person in the house, we cautioned her that we should write a protest in the book kept for the purpose if the men were not

produced in one hour. As they did not appear at that time we bombarded the station again, and forcing our way in wrote the protest and said that we should telegraph to the Governor if the men were not forthcoming in another hour. We had no intention of thus disturbing his Excellency, and were much relieved, when four men appeared, to find that the threat had been sufficient. Another hour was wasted by the carriers in wrangling over the weights of their loads, but at last at nine p.m. we started, and were accompanied to the outskirts of the village by the entire population, men, women and children. Scarcely had we shaken the mud of Kandalax from our feet when one of the station men, who reeled suspiciously in his walk, threw down his load and amidst yells of delight from the crowd and shouts of imprecation from us, staggered back to the village. Fearing that other men would desert if we delayed for long so near the village, we called for a volunteer, and a man stepped out from the crowd. We made terms with him, he shouldered the load, and then and there, without the slightest preparation set out for a month's journey.

The path lay at first up hill over rough, stony ground, but our men, notwithstanding their heavy loads, kept up a good pace. The baggage was fastened to a carrier placed on the back and strapped to the shoulders. The carrier was simple and effective. It consisted merely of a piece of supple green wood bent in a loop and crossed by a network of cord. We were fast forgetting the drunken orgie at Kandalax, and the annoyances of the start. Here and there a peep through the dark pines revealed the Neva, whose name is swift, rushing down to the sea in one continuous boiling rapid. Occasionally the silvery trunk of a birch tree, or a group of bright green larches broke the monotony of the pines, while the rocky

ground was thickly clothed with hoary reindeer moss and a thousand small creeping plants. Our binoculars and guns were ready to be levelled on any bird to be seen as we marched ahead of the carriers trudging in single file along the narrow track.

But, alas, our peaceful state was once again to be disturbed. Gregori came panting up to us saying that one of the station men was bad and was getting worse and worse. On turning back we found that the man was desperately tipsy, and it was evident that he had a bottle about him, but we could not discover it. He continually fell down and lay moaning and groaning. Walking behind this wretched man and treating him like a stubborn donkey, we managed to drive him a mile or two, but at length he sank down and refused to budge. As he lay on the ground we caught sight of a bottle sticking out of his trouser pocket. This he refused to give up, so Gregori Kokorin promptly broke it with a stick. The drunkard then proceeded with great deliberation to pick the broken pieces from his pocket, and finding that there was still some precious vodka left in the bottom of the bottle, he would have drunk it had I not kicked it out of his hands. At that he burst into sobs, and getting up he threw down his load and staggered off into the woods. This man was a type of the grasping drink-sodden Russian peasant, no uncommon class in the part of the country we visited, and when afterwards we found that he was the chief man at a station further on, we wrote down his character in the book for the benefit of the officials who employed him.

One great advantage of the perpetual daylight of the north is that one can sleep and eat just when it is most convenient and necessary. On the first day, or rather night, of travelling we raised our tent and turned in to our sleeping bags at four o'clock in the

morning and were soon dreaming, not of drunken obstreperous men, but of all the charming birds we might be des-
Knowledge.

tined to discover in the country that lay before us.

Harry F. Witherby, F. Z. S.

MR. WILLIAM JAMES ON RELIGIOUS CONVERSION.

Mr. William James, the great American psychologist, has written a book on "The Varieties of Religious Experience" (Longmans and Co.). In it he asks, "What are the religious propensities, and what is their philosophic significance?" Mr. James does not deal with any one sect, or even with any one religion; he deliberately puts both theology and ecclesiasticism on one side, and considers only "the feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider the divine." If we look, he says, on man's whole mental life as it stands, the part of it of which rationalism can give account is relatively superficial; and he maintains that the general basis of all religious experience is the fact that man has a dual nature, and is connected with two spheres of thought, a shallower and a profounder sphere, in either of which he may learn to live more habitually. In thus attributing the phenomena of religious experience to the reality of a subconscious self, Mr. James in no way seeks to shake the theory that such experience may prove a direct relation between God and man, it being from his point of view likely that "if there be higher spiritual agencies that can directly touch us, the psychological condition of their doing so might be our possession of a subconscious region which alone could yield access to them."

The most interesting chapter in the

book and to our mind the key to the whole, is the one on conversion. Here Mr. James lays before his readers many pieces of religious biography belonging to the past and the present. Roman Catholics and Evangelicals, Unitarians, Christian Scientists, and even one or two Buddhists, are made to offer their contributions to the subject, and he concludes that "under all discrepancies of creed there is a common nucleus to which all experiences bear testimony." It is not easy to epitomize such close reasoning as Mr. James's,—for his evidence and his arguments we must refer our readers to his book, merely dealing here with his conclusions. The contradictions within and without us—the struggle between our two natures and the conflicting facts of the world—cause, he believes, the mental distress in which so many thinking men live or have lived at some period of their lives. Conversion he takes to mean some sort of unification of these conflicting elements,—a reconciliation not arising from reason but from insight. Exactly what creed is adopted by such converts is not a point which interests Mr. James; the fact which is for him of so much significance is simply this, that those who experienced this reconciliation "did find something welling up in their inner consciousness by which their extreme sadness could be overcome." That those who have been in the "mystical state" of conversion find it absolutely authoritative and convincing is, Mr. James considers, reasonable enough.

They have no reasonable ground, however, for demanding that those outside this state should accept their revelations uncritically; but the fact of the commonness of their experience does establish a presumption that the visible world is part of a more spiritual universe from which it draws its chief significance, and that "the conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences may come." The usual effect of such experience, whether it be sudden or gradual, is the "sense of the presence of a higher and friendly Power," "the disappearance of all fear from one's life, the quite indescribable and inexplicable feeling of an inner serenity."

This theory of the subconscious self whose triumph is conversion, whose conflict produces doubt, is, to our mind, intensely interesting and suggestive. Is it possible that this self knows, not the facts of creeds, but the fact at the bottom of all creeds, its own relation to God? May the doubt which expresses itself to-day in the restless study of history, science, and ethics in their theological bearings be in its essence nothing but an effort to recall and realize something already known,—a great mental effort analogous to the small mental effort we make when we search our minds for a lost name? If we have intuitions at all, says Mr. James, "they come from a deeper level of our nature than the loquacious level which rationalism inhabits." Such a theory is in no way opposed to Christianity. It would even explain many mystical passages in the New Testament. "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know," said the Christ Who was returning to God. The Disciples immediately denied this knowledge; yet the complete sense of security, both in regard to themselves and their Master, which possessed them after He was gone testified to the spiritual truth of His words. If there

were not in the mind of man some hidden knowledge, some instinct that he is in the hands of a friendly Power, could he go on through life as cheerfully as he does? Take away this sense of reliance, and what have we? Nothing in front of us but blank darkness, containing the possibility of the greatest suffering, both mental and physical, for ourselves and those we love,—the certainty of parting, the probability of annihilation. Yet most men, even of those who from reason or indifference have no assured faith, do not see life in this light. Is it because they know by instinct that which their reason refuses to confirm? Perhaps we have all at times vaguely desired to be what is usually called "converted," that is, we have envied those who are able to accept without cavil the whole body of dogma declared necessary by any Church. Yet if some higher Power could offer to destroy our judgment, and enable us to believe what we think we know is not true, the sacrifice would most likely appear to us in the light of a sin, and we should very probably refuse this illegitimate peace.

But what if the essence of conversion is outside these declarations of Churches, if they are merely the joyful guesses of those who have realized the one "excellent certainty"? If to be converted is "the attainment of an altogether new level of spiritual vitality," surely such conversion every man must desire with his whole heart, for, as it has been truly said, "to recognize our own divinity and our intimate relation to the Universal is to attach the belts of our machinery to the power-house of the Universe." Most of us in the present day are occasionally torn between two theories of life,—the theory which says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and that all the circumstances in which we find ourselves have a particular meaning for us as individuals; and the theory which

teaches us that we are powerless in the meshes of inexorable law, which will crush or spare us as the case may be, law so far-reaching that it can control the stars, so minute that it regulates the quiverings of every blade of grass. The conscious self believes in the one, the subconscious self in the other. Is there any possible unification of these two ideas? Not, we believe, within the grasp of the human reason, but perhaps within the bounds of spiritual possibility. Do we not all believe in both free-will and predestination? Is truth, then, not one? Certainly; but that one is too large for us to conceive of, and the pieces we are able to grasp appear to us to be many. But how does this triumph of the subconscious self come about? There is, according to Mr. James, "documentary evidence" that it comes in various ways,—suddenly, as if by miracle; gradually, as if by nature. It comes at all periods of life to persons of all opinions. One of the commonest forerunners of this triumph is a sense of utter weariness, of incapacity to carry on the struggle any longer, a ceasing to care. "Our emotional brain centres strike work, and

The Spectator.

we relapse into temporary apathy. So long as the egoistic worry of the sick soul guards the door the expansive confidence of the soul of faith gains no entrance; but let the former faint away, even for a moment, and the latter can profit by the opportunity." Such a crisis may occur to individuals or to communities. For instance, at the time of the Reformation the weary upholders of the right of private judgment, having reached what Luther called a state of "godly desperation," found peace in a new sense of knowledge and certainty which could not be exactly defined in words, and which took expression in a crude perversion of the doctrine of the Atonement. Is it not possible that the Western World is once more on the eve of a great revival, whose forerunners are the prophets of psychology, not of a new Reformation which will create a new Church, but of a new inbreathing of the Spirit which will revive the spiritual life of all the Churches,—a time when men will pause in their hot pursuit of evidence, and read each in his own heart "the Word" which St. John realized to be God.

AN ONLOOKER'S NOTEBOOK.*

Reading men have many moods, and consequently demand, to serve their needs, every kind of author, except the *ennuyeux*. Sometimes a reader is devout, and like the young man in *Yeast* goes a-hunting with St. Francis de Sales in his pocket; at other times he is sceptical and controversial; not infrequently he is flippant and Voltairian; but whatever he is, he knows where to lay hands on a book which

shall be to his mind. Hot fits succeed cold fits, languorous hours strenuous moments. One day Rabelais jumps with his humor, the next finds reading, contentedly enough, Madame Craven's *Recit d' Une Sœur*. Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* and St. Augustine's *City of God* can alike supply the lettered man with a pleasing succession of sombre reflections, and summon up to the "sessions of sweet, silent thought" the past life of man.

Few men will submit their libraries

* "An Onlooker's Notebook," London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1902.

to ecclesiastical censure. Don Quixote was away from home when his niece, the barber, and the curate made havoc of his shelves, but to the credit of the cloth it should always be remembered that it was the curate who saved most of the volumes from the fire.

Among the moods of reading men is one for social satire. We long to see the Age well lashed. Our party, perhaps, is out of office, our friends, not to say ourselves, lack preferment; worse still, our cherished convictions are not shared by the populace who clamor for war, thank God for the House of Lords, and vote for the publican, quite regardless of our well-considered opinions on these questions. How barbarous, too, is the taste of the Age! How unlike is our slender account with our publishers to the fat ledgers that record the sales of inferior artists! In our honest wrath we cry aloud for a Juvenal—or failing such a one as a Roman, we would put up with a Dryden—a Pope, or a Johnson, provided always he was on our side. We want to see our enemies, the men and women we do not like, well sacrificed, held up to scorn, their names made a hissing and a reproach, and we want it done in the grand style. Dante could have done it:

Dante who loved well because he
hated—
Hated wickedness that hinders loving.
Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped
for,
When his left hand I' the hair o' the
wicked,
Back he held the brow, and pricked its
stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parch-
ment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing
rankle,
Let the wretch go festering through
Florence.

Yes, decidedly Dante could have done it.

The "Onlooker," whose book is before

us, though somewhat out of conceit with his times, "sorrowful, jaded, disillusioned," is no furious hater, no savage satirist; a vein of unmistakable cheerfulness runs through his pages; he has evidently sat at good men's feasts and been where bells have knolled for church—he sees a soul of goodness in things evil and is ready to note signs of improvement; a true disposition which unfits him for the part of a true lasher of the Age.

Still, he plies the whip with hearty goodwill, being for the most part concerned with what is called "Society," chiefly by those who are always insisting that no such thing any longer exists. With "Society" our "Onlooker" is dissatisfied. It worships the Golden Calf with unblushing frankness; the power of the purse is supreme over it; its morals are as bad as its manners; the Tuileries is joined to Greenwich Fair; it has secularized Sunday and left off going to church; it believes in Nothing. The Dean of a great Cathedral, without the excuse of having received a Board school education, was not ashamed to accept from a notorious company-monger vessels of fine gold for the mystical service of the altar. Our aristocrats, degraded from their high estate by the younger Pitt, are no longer what Carlyle declared them to be, polite—"a student who should search for courtesy in the aristocracy of to-day would resemble a naturalist looking for an auk's egg in a school-boy's collection"; nor are they chivalrous. They have gone into trade and sell wines and kamtulicon. "Dukes' sons rollick on the Stock Exchange and drudge at office desks." They no longer lead anybody. Lord Lansdowne has no party. And "the less said about their special virtues the better." Nor are Society women any better. They keep racehorses, smoke cigars and talk of their "insides." It is a doleful picture the "Onlooker" paints for us. Silly su-

perstitutions abound. Sane men and women gaze into crystals, consult palmists, and talk about haunted houses. Luxury and extravagance are found in odious combination with cheese-paring economies.

With our great, sober, middle-class, the "Onlooker," is not concerned. He hands them over to the tender mercies of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, belonging to them himself, was able to do them a great deal of good, and still remains one of their favorite authors. Indeed, if the middle classes had not gone on reading Mr. Arnold's books, they must, to the world's great loss, have ceased to appear long before they actually did.

The great danger of the middle-class is that it may leave off curing its own faults, and become overfond of criticizing the short-comings, and at the same time envying the position of people who belong, as the "Onlooker" apparently does, to the ranks above them. A passion for equality in externals is one of the most unfortunate characteristics of the times. Instead of each of us leading his own life according to his own bringing up, tastes, and income, we are too much on the look-out to discover how "great" people live, so that we may conduct our small households after their fashion. A hundred years ago fashionable folk went to fashionable houses, and unfashionable folk went to unfashionable houses. In 1802 the rooms in London best worth entering were Charles Lamb's, where you had the chance of meeting Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Hazlitt, but fashionable people did not go there any more than they had a generation earlier visited Johnson in the same quarter of the town; nor did Charles or Mary Lamb receive cards of invitation to Lansdowne House.

It would be much better if we could keep ourselves to ourselves more than

we do—but it cannot be helped, things must run their course. Nor can it be honestly said that the tendency we deplore is of yesterday, for was it not Hamlet who observed, "By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it, the age has grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kile"?

All social studies are valuable, and we are glad the "Onlooker" has recorded his testimony in a book.

"Whenever you think of me," wrote Swift, a genuine lasher of his Age, to Pope, who was a half-hearted one, "give the Age another lash on my account." The Age, you may depend upon it, is always vile. When, I wonder, was Society not exposed to the scorn of the satirist and the condemnation of the saint? Name your period, and I will engage within a fortnight to array against it such a mass of evidence, mostly unfit for publication, as shall paint it in all the hues of hell. When were our nobles and our clerics models of manners and of piety? When were our upper classes truly religious? Was it before the Reformation or after it? It certainly was not in Anglo-Saxon times.

The world, said Goethe, has always been a hell. A strong saying, but a true one. Human life, like a Kidderminster carpet, has two sides—a pattern side and a seamy side. A wise man studies both sides, and never allows the existence of one to make him forgetful of the other.

It is not only Society that is and always has been open to animadversion.

Yet whilst with sorrow we live here
oppress,

What life is best?

Courts are only superficial schools

To dawdle fools:

The rural parts are turned into a den

Of savage men:

And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Lord Bacon when not writing the exquisite poetry of *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a jaw-breaking bard, but an excellent preacher.

Nobody was or ever could be satisfied with his own times. Even Bub Dodington was not that. Whilst, therefore, we gladly listen to those who fall foul of both the rich and the poor, both the high-born and the lowly, and join with them in deploring the frivolity, brutality, and depravity of all classes alike, we are bound to remember that, so far as we have the means of knowledge and comparison, there never was a time when things in general were better than they are now. Times, there have been, of greater men, of nobler enthusiasms, when the books and the pictures and the architecture were all greater than they are to-day, but when was there a time when the ordinary conditions of life for the ordinary man were one-half so good as in 1902? When were children better cared for? When were there more happy homes than to-day?

"Society" is a small matter, and grows less important every hour. It is the masses who count. The final issue

The Speaker.

is uncertain. Nobody knows what is going to happen. The last man may die a pessimist, but anybody who contends that we are steadily going from bad to worse pulls the laboring oar of the argument.

Our "Onlooker" makes no such contention. He becomes cheerful before he is done, and records with becoming gravity his conviction "that amid the countless and indescribable evils of our national life, there is still an element of strong and saving virtue." He tells his readers a gratifying anecdote of a lieutenant in a smart cavalry regiment, the son of a great nobleman, who just before the accident that destroyed his life spent an hour in the hospital reading to and comforting a sick soldier of his troop. Such a story, though it may not inflame us to cry aloud with Denys in Charles Reade's great novel, *Courage, comrade, le diable est mort!* encourages us to go on hoping that "somehow good may be the final goal of ill."

If the "Onlooker" is able, as happily he is, to believe in the Divine Authority and future triumphs of the Church of England in the teeth of her dubious history and present helplessness, we may surely still believe in the glorious destiny of the human race, despite its gloomy antecedents and dim prospects!

Augustine Birrell.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Duke of Abruzzi is to publish this fall at Milan a full account of his voyage to the polar regions, in which he claims to have reached a point further than that which was reached by Nansen. The work will be a finely-illustrated volume, with two panora-

mas about three or four yards long.

"The Maid of Montauk" is a tale of colonial times, its heroine a young English girl, orphaned by shipwreck on the Long Island shore, and befriended

by the Indians there. Rivalries between Dutch and English settlers, with feuds among their savage allies, complicate the story, which, though slight, shows considerable historical research on the part of its narrator, Forest Monroe. Wm. R. Jenkins.

The revolutions that blaze up in the southern republics offer picturesque possibilities to the novelist, and Margery Williams makes effective use of them in the striking sketch which she names "The Late Returning." The capital city is of course the scene; the plot covers less than a week; and the leading actors are but three—the president, the patriot leader, and a woman, the love of both. The American consul and the special correspondent, in the background, introduce a touch of comedy, but the final impression is a sombre one. With clever dialogue, descriptive passages of noticeable beauty, and a really unexpected denouement, the book must be counted a brilliant bit of work, in spite of a certain inconclusiveness. The Macmillan Co.

Readers of Lorna Doone will be interested to learn that the original of John Ridd has been recognized in John Harwell, who died three years ago in a London hospital. It was not until recently that his identity was actually revealed, partly through remembrances of the wonderful knowledge that he displayed of Exmoor lore. Some eight or nine years ago he became an inmate of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, owing to paralysis brought about by a complete collapse of his magnificent physical powers. There he met another patient named Julia Relfe, who had been there since 1854. The two held long conversations together. She survived him, and it is owing to her account of what Harwell said to her that he has been identified as the original John Ridd.

James Eugene Farmer makes a capital addition to the current list of popular historical novels in "Brinton Elliot—From Yale to Yorktown," which the Macmillan Co. publish. The opening chapters are noticeable for their graphic picture of Yale life during the Revolutionary period, with President Daggett and Tutors Dwight and Trumbull conspicuous in the foreground. The manly young fellows who form the hero's special circle belong to families of wealth and position; their pretty sisters and cousins, duly chaperoned, flit about the campus in fascinating furs and brocades; and the whole social atmosphere is brighter and gayer than in many stories of colonial days. Romance and adventure are skilfully interwoven in an intricate plot, and the scenes in Paris, to which young Elliot is sent with business for Franklin, add particularly to the color and variety of the narrative.

An illustrated history of old Newgate prison is among the publications promised for next fall in London. The author is Mr. Charles Gordon. Newgate Prison is not without its literary associations, though those of the Old Bailey as a thoroughfare are perhaps the most interesting. Defoe began his "Review" while confined in Newgate for a political pamphlet, and Dodd, who was at one time a minor poet as well as a popular teacher, was hanged there for forgery in 1777. Dodd was the compiler of the "Beauties of Shakespeare," a book which is still on the market, and Dr. Johnson tried hard to save his life. Among other things he wrote the speech which Dodd delivered before receiving sentence, and told Boswell that one thousand pounds would be paid to any gaoler who would set the prisoner at liberty. Three years later Dr. Johnson visited the ruins of the prison after its destruction by fire in

the Gordon Riots, and described the scene to Mrs. Thrale; and Crabbe, who had left Suffolk to seek a livelihood in London, relates in his "Journal" how he arrived just in time to witness the burning of the building.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his preface to the "Notre Dame of Paris," writes thus compactly and justly of Hugo's powers and limitations:

To the English reader the sources of Hugo's faults appear to be two: the love of the excessive, as if Martin had written romances in the manner of his pictures; and the entire lack of the humor which restrains exaggeration. It is much to be doubted whether cosmic strifes and emotions find their true vehicle in romances; whether novels with forces and principles of human nature for protagonists are entirely possible. These things are the themes of historical science, or of history as understood by Carlyle and Michelet. Prose fiction has its limits; but limit was unknown to Hugo. He piled Pellon on Ossa to scale heaven: in his lyric poetry he is a man; he is a Titan, we must end by saying, as we began, in his romances. The characters of his creation who live are his mothers and children, and, now and again, his lovers, and his minor characters, Monsters, even monsters of virtue, cannot become much more real than, though they are quite as impressive as, *Quasimodo* and the *pleuvre*. The chiefs of creative fiction live in their children, the children of Shakespeare, Molière, Fielding, Jane Austen. Hugo's life is as the life of winds and waves: like Euripides, he is "the meteoric poet."

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his article on Carlyle in the new volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has this to say concerning Carlyle's friendship with Lady Ashburton:

Mrs. Carlyle was hurt by the fine lady's condescension, and her husband's accessibility to aristocratic blandishments. Carlyle, as a wise man, should have yielded to his wife's wishes. Unluckily he was content to

point out that her jealousy was unreasonable, and upon that very insufficient ground to disregard it, and to continue his intimacy with the Ashburtons on the old terms. Mrs. Carlyle bitterly resented his conduct. She had been willing to renounce any aspirations of her own, and to sink herself in his glory, but she naturally expected him to recognize her devotion, and to value her society beyond all others. She had just cause of complaint, and a remarkable power, as her letters prove, of seeing things plainly and despising sentimental consolations. She was childless, and had time to brood over her wrongs.

The publishers of the revived and revised "Encyclopædia Britannica" have received an unexpected testimonial from a Parisian subscriber. According to M. de Blowitz, this subscriber, who disappeared after paying his first instalment and receiving his complete edition, and was eventually found in prison, begged the *Times* people not to take his encyclopedia away from him. "I am," he said, "a begging letter writer by profession, and at present, though I owe you £12, I only have £7 in the world. I'll give you six of them, and pay up the rest of the amount as quickly as I can. But I must keep the volumes, which are invaluable to me." He then went on to explain that, having written a letter in which he stated that he was a potter who had been chemically poisoned, and unfit to work, he used the encyclopædia for details of the pottery trade, of which he himself was entirely ignorant. The one word kaolin, which he used in his letter, and his explanation of the use of the material, made everyone believe in the genuineness of his appeal (he said), and brought him a perfect harvest of bank notes and postal orders. This ingenious gentleman (M. de Blowitz adds) has since paid up his full subscription, and is probably one of the subscribers to the supplement.

CAROLL O'DALY.

The birds still trill at my window,
Dear!

Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!

Why are they happy and you not here?
Once while the thrush sang his lay for
us,

His little heart's phantasy tremulous—
On a bough of roses swayed to and fro,
You told me the story I yearned to
know;

Now the bloom's on the thorn and I
wander forlorn,
Caroll, my lover!

They say you have wedded a lady fair,
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!

In that southern land of the perfumed
air—

Beauteous as she who Diarmuid wooed
From a perilous court to the solitude;
Gentle as Deirdre, whom poets sing,
And I dream and dream that your
kisses cling

To my lips grown white for the lost
delight,

Caroll, my lover!

Anna McManus.

MEMORIES.

A stone lodge on a hill-side high,
Beneath a vast and silent sky,
Where billowy undulations rolled
Of upland glebe and sombre wold.

Around it rose no mountains wild,
Below no fairy waters smiled;
Yet charm imbued it, peace possest,
You came,—you entered into rest.

A lonely home, austere fair,
Washed by pure waves of English air,
And reached by all the strains that ring
From bubbling throat and beating
wing;

With just some farm-cots on the ridge,
A drowsy brook, a mouldering bridge,
A drover's cry, a market-wain,
A tent-fire smoking in the lane;

An old-world gray-white steeple seen
Through a tall spinney's misty green,
A waving mill, a feathered wood,—
To blunt the edge of solitude.

Here once one lived her life serene,
Of noble thought, a stately queen,
And with each mood of Nature grew
Some likeness of the love we knew.

The large frank heaven that broadened
there,
The bounty of the tolerant air,
Imaged her candid wisdom free,
Her soul's benign regality.

In April-bloom, in morning-beam,
In the soft cadence of the stream,
Our hearts were ever fain to find
The grace, fire, music of her mind.

And now,—eclipse is o'er the sun,
The blossom's dainty day is done,
And in the dark of night the rill
Steals to its doom, subdued and still.

A light is lost from lawn and field,
A fount of winsome fancy sealed;
Where matins clear rich vespers met
Aches inconsolable regret.

And her, her place remembereth not,
Her angel self is half forgot;
The haunt of dreams in prose is
drowned,

And common voices babble round.

Joseph Truman.

Macmillan's Magazine.

IN WYTHAM WOODS.

Sing, honey-throated, for Tryphaena's
sake!

Breathing the blue and footing in the
green,

Passes the Youth o' the Year in shade
and sheen:

Sing, nightingale in the undiscovered
brake!

Sing loud, the baby-buds are all awake.

Under the hill the woodman's work
I've seen,

A milk-white havoc of the axe be-
tween

The living oaks. And lo! (as if to slake
The passion heats of April) millionfold
Needles of momentary diamond

Blown in a curtain past the Sun, a
gale

Of broken lights and whispers!—and
the gold

Again! ah, breathe it, Earth, and
Heaven respond!

This is Tryphaena, sing it, nightin-
gale!

J. S. Phillimore.